THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVII No. 1924 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — DEC. 5 1936

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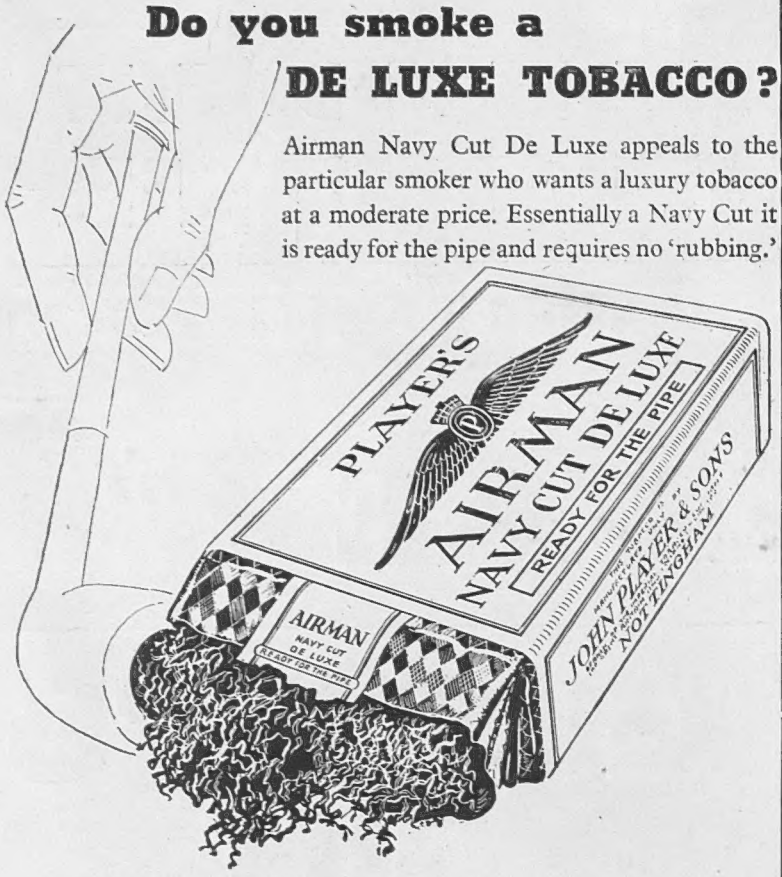

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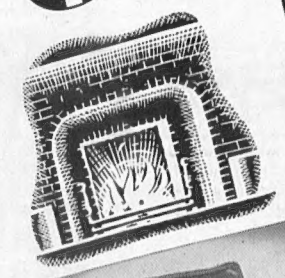

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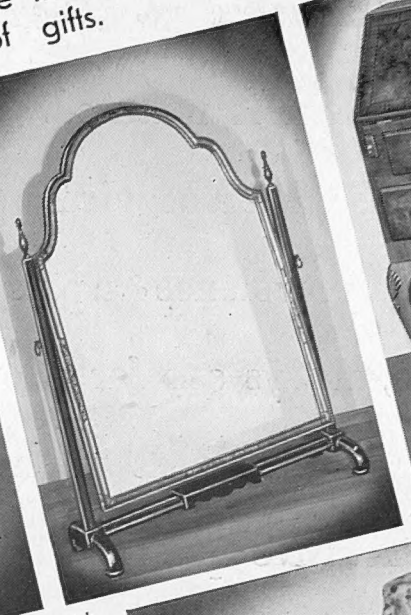

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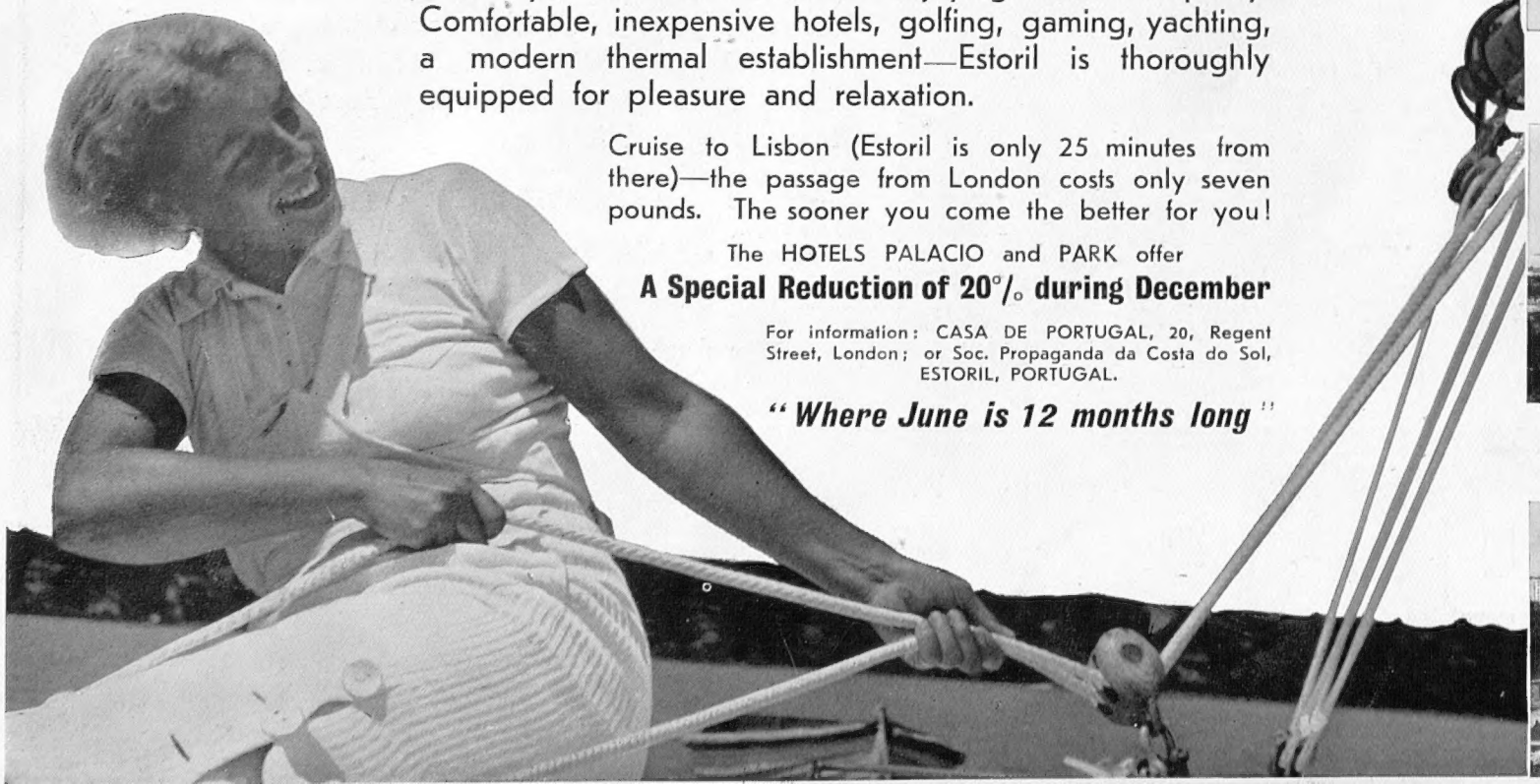

THE SPHERE
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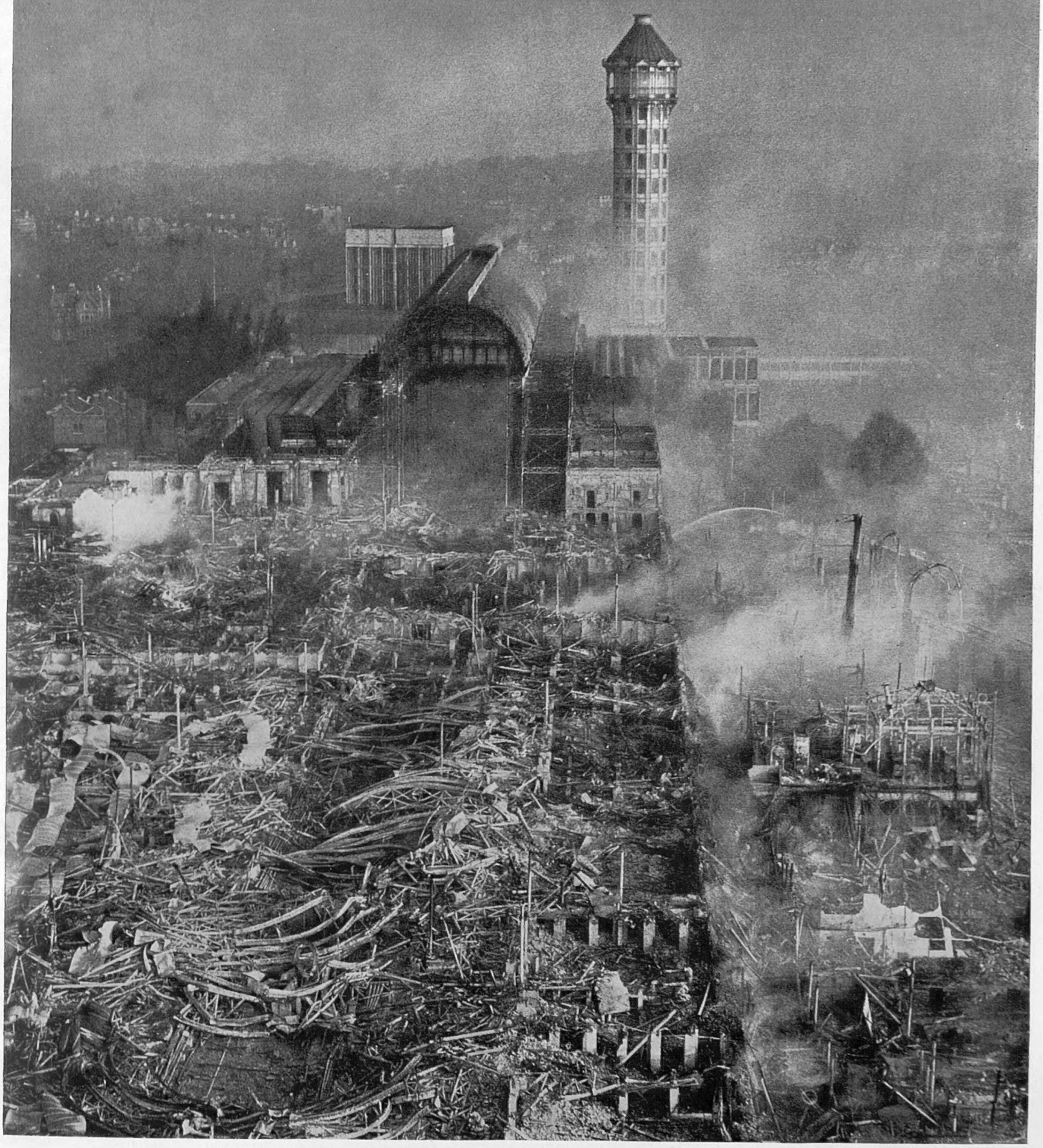
London, December 5, 1936



The FIERY FATE of the CRYSTAL PALACE

The Famous London Landmark and Exhibition Centre Reduced to a Mass of Twisted Ironwork After Last Monday Night's Disastrous Fire

On Monday night thousands of Londoners, including those living far away on the heights of Hampstead, Muswell Hill, and Harrow, witnessed the most spectacular blaze for many years as the Crystal Palace, that world renowned exhibition centre, was razed to the ground. The fire, which is believed to have started in the Egyptian Room, spread with astonishing rapidity through the great transepts and galleries, divided by wooden partitions and filled with furniture, and within half an hour of the first alarm the 1,850-ft. long building was alight from end to end, creating a glow in the sky that could be observed in ten counties. Enormous crowds flocked to the scene of the disaster, so that fire engines, summoned from every station in the Metropolitan area, had difficulty in getting through the congested streets and when they did arrive they were well-nigh powerless to check the conflagration. On the morning after, only the two 280-ft. towers and part of the north end were still standing, while the rest was a tangled mass of ironwork with flames spurting intermittently from the wreckage. The Crystal Palace was originally set up in Hyde Park for the Exhibition of 1851. It was intended to be merely temporary, but proved so popular that it was removed in 1854 to the permanent site at Sydenham. Thereafter it had many ups and downs of fortune, but during the war was of tremendous value as a naval recruiting and training depot

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CHRISTMAS IN THE AIR: Young Londoners gaze in ecstasy at the array of toys in an Oxford Street store. Though there are three more weeks to go the shops are already becoming crowded and there does not seem to be much truth in the prediction that people are saving in view of the forthcoming Coronation

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, December 2, 1936.

CORONATION PROBLEMS.

—What with the Coronation and Test match problems, I think there is no doubt we are puzzling the foreigner. And surely it is very healthy that in the fearful melodrama of Europe, one player of a leading part should be able to offer lighter refection to the audience. We are playing that part. It is magnificent to observe our leading statesmen and law-lords, in gold-laced uniforms, spending their day adjudicating the claims of noblemen and others of long pedigree to perform at the Coronation duties which their ancestors performed in 1400. To carry the gilt spurs, to throw down the glove, to bear the wine cup, to hold the canopy, and so on. It would be interesting to count up, a week after the Coronation, the number of printed words published on that subject during the preceding year, and to strike the percentage of the total to the sum of printed words on any other subjects, grave or trivial. Tradition is a fine thing and much of our constitutional security is based on it. And another fine thing—and one which civilisation sadly needs to-day—is a sense of permanence which in turn affords a sense of security such as Europe still possessed and throve under in the 'nineties. The tremendous importance which we attach to the tradition and ceremonial of the Coronation of our Sovereigns does indeed give us that sense of permanence. The sense of security is not quite so apparent. An isolated rock in a stormy sea is permanent but not necessarily secure. Its security for man and ship depends on the temper of the angry seas round it. The foreign observer may well ask: is it Government policy, or the shrewd instincts of a nation of shopkeepers, or British humour (which is to the foreigner stark madness), that pays such close and constant and grave attention to these coming ceremonies? We in England have another explanation. We know how important these ceremonies and that tradition are in upholding the symbol which binds our Empire together. We may not deny, as shopkeepers, that a coronation is good for trade, but we recognise its constitutional importance also. We are not so lightheaded as we look, and we wish that foreign newspapers would—when they give their readers news of Britain—treat of it as an *impersonal* event of great constitutional importance to us. That would be courteous and friendly and helpful, and would encourage the player who is trying to carry the gloomy melodrama on his back and to save it from damnation. Britain, by the chance of circumstance and by its national character, is the player in question. We are trying to keep a spark of sanity alive in civilisation.

THE HARD ROAD TO PEACE.

—Those who endowed and organised the Nobel Peace Prize cannot have contemplated that its award could lead to international bitterness which is anything but peaceful. One might expect a certain amount of jealousy among "rival" peace-doves whose claims have been passed over. (There is a certain jealousy among Welsh farmers who compete for the award for preserving the nests of the last breeding pairs of kites, a jealousy which is dangerous for the young kites.) But that a nation whose official utterances speak perpetually to a desire for peace, should be brought to the sabre-rattling stage of fury when one of its own nationals is chosen as Peace Dove No. 1 for the year, is a very disconcerting surprise. But so it is. Germany is furious at the crowning of Herr von Ozzietsky by the Norwegian Government. Poor man. He is a consumptive and was a pacifist even before 1914, which did not prevent his fighting in the trenches for the fatherland. When released, he devoted himself, as Dick Sheppard, Lord Ponsonby and many others in England have done, to the cause of pacifism, and he founded the "No more War" movement in Germany which gained some ground until Hitler came to power. The sort of peace he stood for was not Hitler's notion of how peace should be secured; and since he does not run away, he was arrested and spent three years in detention as a man dangerous to the State. No more definite charge was ever brought against him. He merely languished in detention while tuberculosis gained on him. Now that he has been awarded the Peace Prize—after release—he has become "a traitor condemned by the highest court of his country"—to Germans in Germany. It is very puzzling. I think we in England are more puzzled by Hitlerised Germany's sense of humour than even by her sense of justice. No doubt, we do not understand what underlies the one or the other.

CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN.

—The battle for Madrid goes on as bitterly as ever, the key position being the University City. As the struggle proceeds, with but one end generally expected (the ultimate success of the insurgents, though exceptionally Lord Strabolgi believes that Franco has sped his bolt), fear of international complications from the Spanish civil war increases. The crux of the trouble may well coincide with the Christmas holidays, and it don't seem to make much difference to the prospect of trouble which side wins. The foreigners now fighting on either side grow in numbers, and the temper of great Powers interested grows more bitter as they unmask their guns. The eagles are gathering round the corpse, and peace and goodwill are likely to be an empty Christmas box. Germany and Russia, too, have other causes of mutual hatred and open defiance besides the premature decision of Germany and Italy to recognise Franco's Government and the latest German–Japanese anti-Comintern pact. One learned with regret that Britain is now being drawn still further into the area of hatred by the shipment to London of the Spanish gold. But the latest news out of Spain is even worse. The Government has demanded a special meeting of the League under Article 11, and Article 11 appears clearly to cover the circumstances. The League! Oh, word of fear to those who wish it well, and well left alone. Will the League lawyers manage to wriggle out of Article 11 with a formula? Indeed, there is only one gleam in the darkness over Spain—many thousands of the unhappy victims of the civil war have been got away from Madrid. So many fewer innocent victims at Christmas-tide.

LEGISLATION—THE LUCK OF A DRAW.

—Only in Britain could legislation on grave social problems be left by Government to the initiative of private members and then to the result of a lucky dip. Grave commissioners have sat on the question of divorce and marriage law reform and issued their reports which the Government has filed and sat on. This session the "lucky" private members have produced some sound Bills, which contain good sense and sincere effort to bring law and practice up-to-date with modern conditions and contemporary opinion. The Herbert divorce measure has already shown that it has wide support in the country. The attitude of the Church and the lawyers is still to emerge. The Holmes Anti-Tipping Bill is another measure which has wide support among the affected public. It is likely to be opposed by the hotel and restaurant interests which are strongly entrenched, and it will not of course receive the same serious consideration as Mr. Herbert's Bill has already received. The Government's attitude to social measures of reform of this type—serious or less serious—is to lie low and say nothing. To leave it to a free vote of the House. The Government *can* find time to interest itself in social reform, for all its European entanglements. But these domestic problems only interest it when political questions—votes—are involved. It is beginning to wake up to the Special Areas question for that reason.

LORD NUFFIELD—PANDORA.

—When grave Oxford professors kick over the traces and behave like undergraduates at a "bonner," you may bank on it that something unprecedented has just happened. There were mortar-boards in the air and gowns performing "cheeses" in the solemn setting of Convocation, while Chancellor and vice-Chancellor smiled on the revels. They were all assembled to thank Lord Nuffield—*the* Oxford lad—for giving £1,250,000 for his great medical research scheme, and to affix the seal to the trust document. But even as they signed and sealed, a difficulty, dimly realised by those who will carry out the plan—the incredible plan—came clear cut and insistent to the mind of Lord Pandora. To get the full benefit at once from the scheme, a little deficit of £750,000

needed to be made up. Up rose Lord Pandora and dropped the extra mite into the tin with a gentle tinkle—and then Pandoramonium (how do you spell it?) broke out and the grave dons behaved as stated. Nice to be able to create these little sensations with a mere whisper—fine to be willing to whisper the little word that means so much. If the occasion of the coronation is to add twenty new peers to the Upper House (and if the Labour party don't want their share), we might do worse than use three or four of them up in raising Lord Nuffield so many grades in the peerage. The Duke of Nuffield? Men have been made dukes for lesser services to humanity than his. *P.S.*—Another £2,000,000 has just been shaken out of his box.

THE MAN OF DUART.—Old Maclean of Duart was indeed the G.O.M. of Scotland. William IV was reigning when he first saw the light; Thomas Creevey was still writing gossip to Miss Ord; a few old stagers were still wearing pigtails, and Walter Scott was hardly "cauld in his grave." In childhood he made a vow to restore the old home of his clan, Duart Castle. He fulfilled his vow seventy years later and lived a quarter-century beyond the fulfilment of his dream. Thrice blest, and infinitely rare, such a complete and full life! The descendant of Gillean of the Battle Axe and of fighters who struck shrewd blows in every battle in Scotland and most of the battles in which Britain has been involved during six centuries, the twenty-sixth chief of the Clan Maclean and tenth baronet of his line, he was a soldier like his fathers. He fought in Bulgaria and the Crimea, at the Alma and Sebastopol. Twice in his lifetime the far-flung clan came from the world's end to do him honour: in 1912 at the re-opening of Duart, and again in 1934 when he reached his century. Ardgour, Lochbuie, and other chiefs of the Macleans acknowledged his chieftainship-in-chief and Duart in Mull is once more the headquarters and stronghold of the Macleans. If ever a man proved the enduring qualities of the clan spirit, it was Sir Fitzroy Maclean. His honours fall to his grandson, Charles, who comes of age next year.

A CENTENARIAN CHIEFTAIN PASSES: The coffin being borne down the hill from Duart Castle, Isle of Mull, at the funeral of Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bt., the chief of his clan, who died a few days ago at the age of 101. Sir Fitzroy was one of the most romantic figures in Scotland and is said to have been the oldest officer in the British Army. When he was seventeen his commission in the 7th Dragoon Guards was signed by the Duke of Wellington and before he was twenty-one he was awarded a medal for conspicuous bravery at the long-drawn-out siege of Sebastopol. Last year members of the Maclean Clan came to Duart from many parts of the world to pay homage to him on his hundredth birthday

YOUNG HEADMASTERS.—Radley and Westminster have both found new headmasters in the past few days—"mere boys" in age, and laymen. The two choices have big reputations for vision, character, courage, and energy. They need it, for school traditions are cast iron and elderly assistant masters do not easily dance to a new piping. Will Mr. Christie without a revolution give his half-grown boys suits which cover their exposed tummies and lumbas? Will the new headmaster of Radley succeed in . . .? But enough. It has been proved that young headmasters pay. True, the public schools go on much as they did in the age of Privilege, and the reforms are less apparent than they are perhaps real. Eton delights in its youngish Head, and the new brooms of Radley and Westminster are talked of as rivals for his post, when his time comes to move on. The one quite apparent reform in public school life is the choice of laymen instead of clergymen, and of "mere boys" instead of greybeards. Even so, there is a qualification. Several of the great Victorian headmasters started young enough. The trouble was, they went on too long.

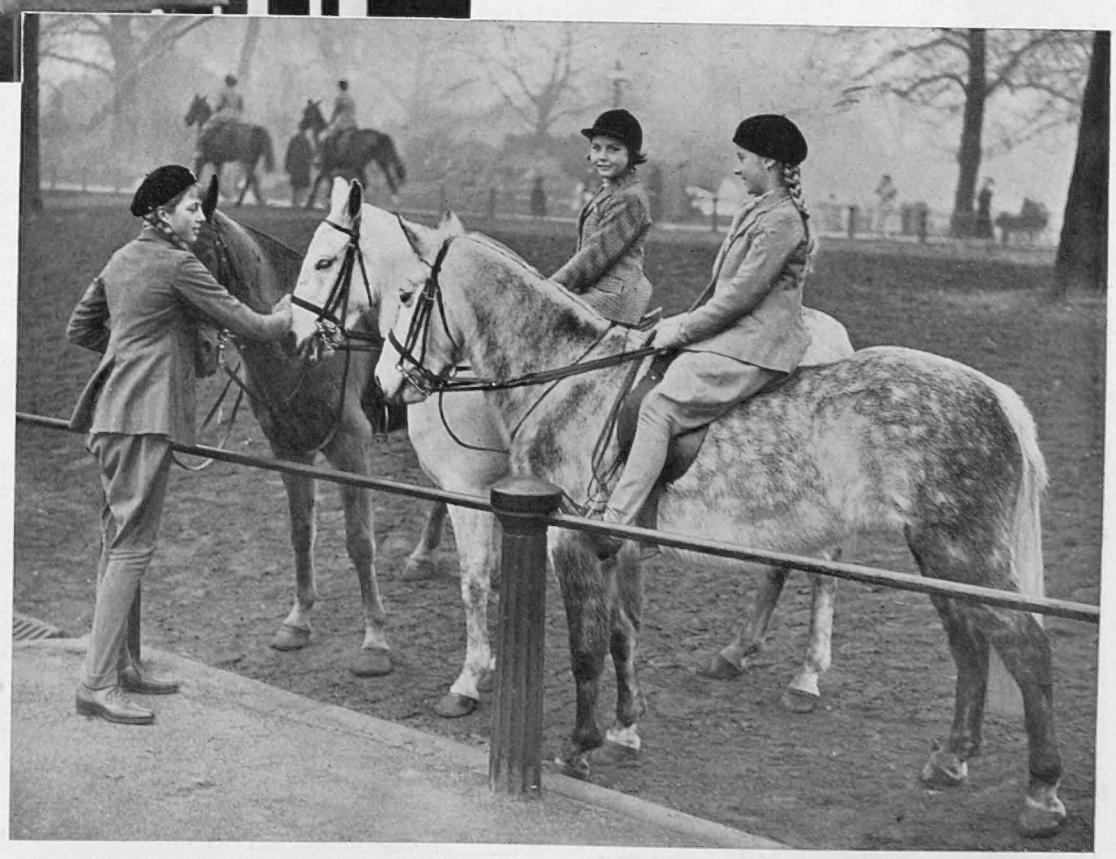
THE FIRST TEST.—The first Test match is upon us. It starts on December 4 at Brisbane, and if our men read the stuff run off daily by the wizards—those ex-cricketers accredited to British and Australian dailies—they will walk on to the field with their tails between their legs. Not counting the fun fair at Colombo, they have played eight matches on Australian soil before the first Test and have met most of their opponents in the field. On paper they have not done too badly, but they have no doubt been slow in shaking down and getting together. This was due in part to the accident of an unusually high casualty list, which has delayed the fixing-in of the keystones and the practising of a "No. 1 XI" as a team, with each man in his proper place. As we cannot hope this time to put a really great side into the field, this is a distinct pity. We have shewn that we have a tail and that the newcomers have nerves. We have learned that, though Bradman, Badcock, Fingleton, Brown and Co. are possessed of potential run-getting mischief, there are no new terrors to face in the bowling line. Australia's attack is known to our old-timers, they have found no new devilry in it, but much of its old cunning. Grimmett has dropped out and of course Australian critics shake their heads over it. For we can't play slow bowling and Grimmett's successor, Ward, the all-rounder, and O'Reilly and Chipperfield are likely to bear the brunt of the Australian attack. MacCormick is chosen to give sting and change to the attack, and there is McCabe who does things with a new ball. Our old timer batsmen have so far borne the brunt of run-getting and match-saving. Another pity, for Hammond and Leyland cannot for ever make centuries. However, at last the younger fry have begun to find their batting form and conquer their nerves. As for our bowling, Allen started too well and nothing new has emerged. Brown, Fingleton, Bradman, McCabe, Robinson, Badcock form a solid wall to breach, and it is not Australia's way to collapse, as we do, in the first innings and to recover just too late. But I believe the team is a "happy family," unlike some English sides in the past, and that is the great thing. And so to it!

On left—A SMALL PATIENT admires Queen Mary's posy of violets during Her Majesty's tour of the wards at the Middleton and MacDonald Baby Clinic Hospital, Ladbroke Square. The hospital is partly named after the late Mrs. MacDonald, wife of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

CRYSTAL PALACE FIREWORKS.—The last "pyrotechnic display" the Crystal Palace ever staged played to a record house and broke or destroyed all records. Paxton's glass-house for the Great Exhibition was suggested to him by the big conservatory which he built for the "Bachelor Duke" at Chatsworth when he was gardener-agent-friend of his master and patron. Paxton's miracle soon became Paxton's white elephant; but eighty years ago a place was found for it at Sydenham and money for moving it from Hyde Park. Then again it saw great days and crowned heads. But later it became democratised—a popular resort for the humbler folk who went there to hear band-music and stare at the statuary. In my youth it came to be regarded as a bad joke. It was seldom if ever a paying concern. It stayed put because its removal seemed out of the question. Now it is gone. Paxton's miracle, white elephant, horror, joke, old friend, is dead. We who laughed at it feel it has carried to the grave all our yesterdays.

TRAGEDY OF BERKELEY SQUARE.—A correspondent took me politely to task for a recent article on the last of London's palaces—Crewe House. He remarked that it could not compare in grandeur to others still surviving, such as Dudley House, Londonderry House, and Apsley House, and in Belgravia the houses of Lords Granard and Howard de Walden. All are fine, though I would not dignify all of them with the name of "palace." Then my correspondent deplored the passing of Berkeley Square and the opportunity missed in not compelling its rebuilding on intelligent, tasteful, and far-sighted lines Had there (said he) been a Ministry of Fine Arts, London might have created another Place Vendôme. Now it is too late. The Commissioners of Works in late years have been men of taste. It is certainly a pity that their sphere of control over the development of London is still so deplorably restricted. Wedges of ill-considered commercialism have been driven into our surviving areas of architectural merit and Berkeley and even St. James's Square have been spoiled. But the character of Berkeley Square in its great days was very far from a Place Vendôme and to recreate it as such would have changed its identity beyond recognition. Its doom was sounded by the breaking up of Lansdowne House and the only satisfactory solution would have been too expensive—to keep it as a museum piece, with this inscription:—"Here in the great days of Privilege lived the most privileged."

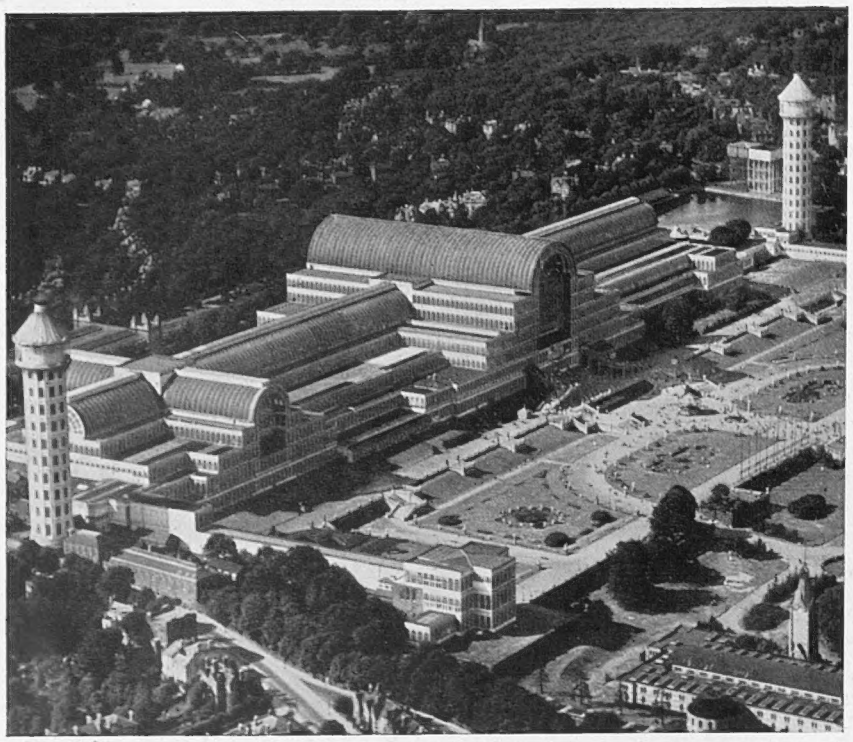
THE OLD STAGER



YOUTH IN THE ROW: Miss Maud Ponsonby (left) and Miss Victoria Ponsonby (right), daughters of Mr. George Ponsonby and relatives of Lord Sysonby, are great riding enthusiasts and are often seen in the Park. They are pictured here with a friend, Miss Valerie Soames. Victoria is a godchild of Queen Maud of Norway

The CRYSTAL PALACE DISASTER

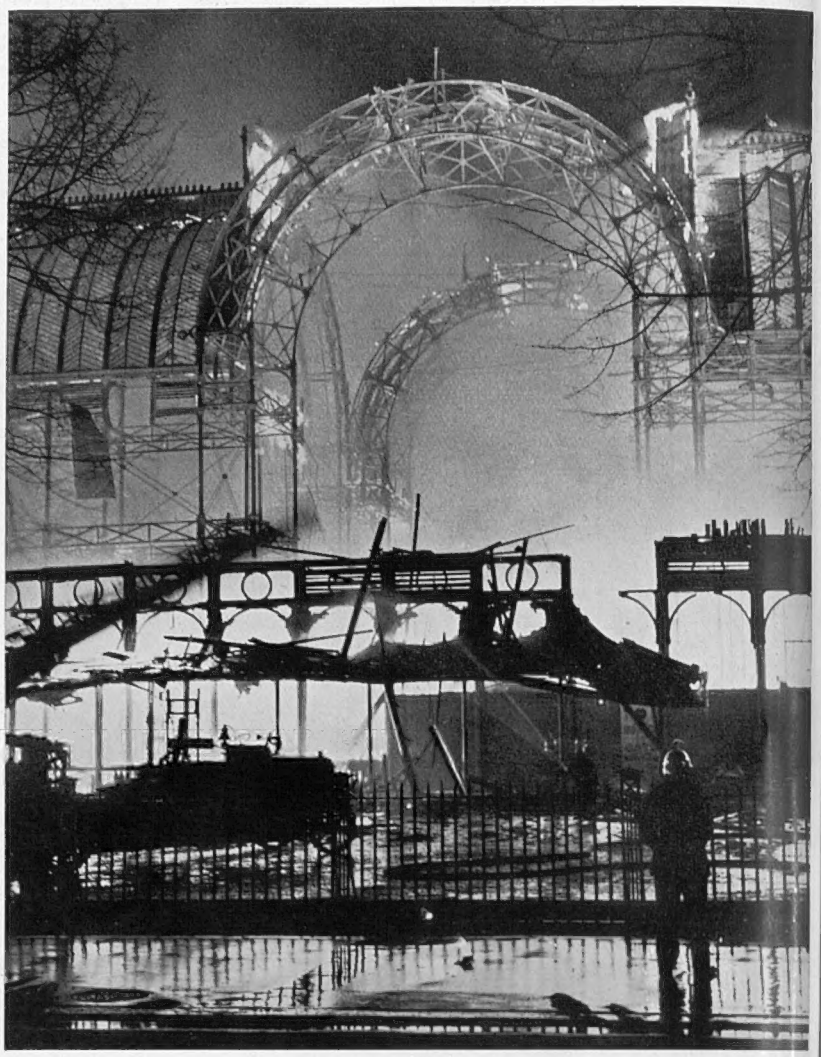
Aspects of the Great Fire that Raged at Sydenham



"A RARE PAVILION SUCH AS MAN SAW NEVER SINCE MANKIND BEGAN": It was with these words that an enthusiastic Victorian poet described the Crystal Palace, that engineering wonder of the mid-19th century, which was reduced to ruins in the space of an hour last Monday night. This aerial view gives an idea of the immensity of the building, occupying a commanding position on the heights of Sydenham

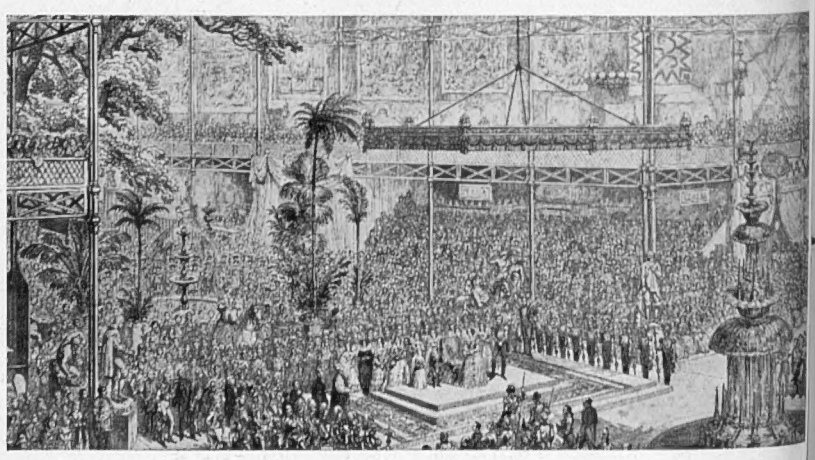
A WHITE HOT INFERNO: A fireman perched on the summit of a ladder and directing a jet of water on the blazing south transept of the Palace during the successful effort to prevent the flames from spreading to the south tower, where the valuable Baird Television transmitters were housed. A picture taken at the height of the fire

ENVELOPED IN A SEA OF FLAME: A view from Westow Hill, showing the south tower intact and a glimpse of the roof of the main building, a skeleton of ironwork on the verge of crashing to the ground. Many of the surrounding houses were evacuated



JUST BEFORE THE ROOF FELL IN: Within about half an hour of the alarm being given the building was alight from end to end and the central portion, as depicted here, was reduced to a fiery shell. Eventually it cracked and fell to pieces, the girders coming crashing to the ground like gigantic charred matchsticks

THE MORNING AFTER: *Left*—Sir Henry Buckland, General Manager of the Crystal Palace, surveying the ruins on Tuesday. It is his theory that the fire was caused by a big gas explosion. "Nothing else in my opinion could have done it, because it spread like lightning," he said. *Right*—Charred remains in the Egyptian Hall



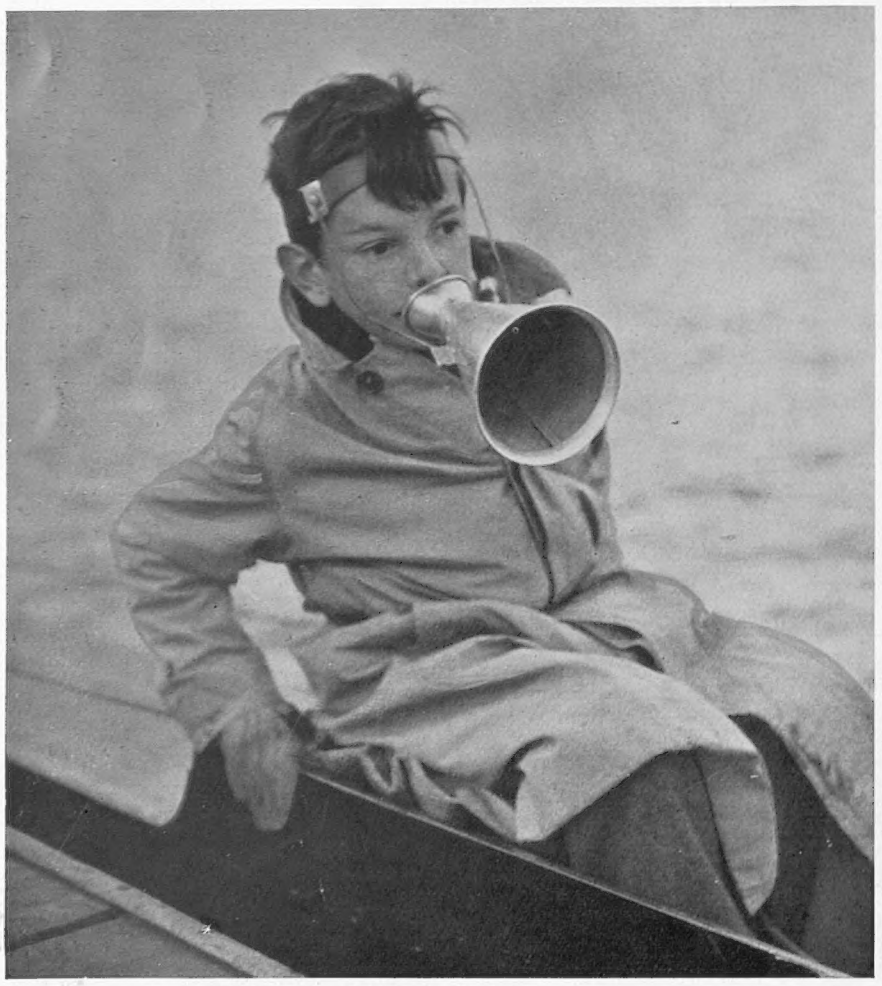
THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851: Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on the dais in the central transept of the Crystal Palace during the inauguration of the vast industrial display in Hyde Park. "It was a spectacle such as one may see but once in a lifetime," one writer has recorded, "and no words of mine can describe the magnificence of that immense structure built entirely of glass with the trees of the Park actually enclosed inside it. Fountains and statues abounded and the whole effect was like an Arabian Night's dream"

LIKE A GIANT CHIMNEY: Another view showing smoke pouring from the top of the south tower, which, in common with the north tower, was saved from destruction and may possibly be allowed to remain as a landmark and as a reminder of the "Victorian Valhalla" that once crowned the Sydenham heights. It was estimated that the fire was seen from ten counties, while Captain J. P. Percy, an Imperial Airways pilot bringing the *Syrinx* to Croydon, observed it from mid-Channel at a distance of about eighty miles. Altogether 381 firemen, representing a third of the total number on the night watch at London stations, assisted in fighting the flames

THE TOTTERING SKELETON OF THE CONCERT HALL which, being at the north end, farthest from the scene of the outbreak, just managed to remain upright while the rest of the building came crashing to the ground. One commentary on the disaster has come from Mr. Allen Brock, of the famous firm of firework manufacturers: "It seems ironical that the place should have been destroyed in this way," he says, "when it is realised that firework displays have been given at the Palace since 1865 and no damage has ever been caused by them. The reason why the flames spread so rapidly was due to the peculiar construction of the building. There is a considerable amount of air space and woodwork, and once the fire had got a hold it must have been fanned through the whole place at a tremendous rate"

PEOPLE *in the* HEADLINES:

FURS AND FURBELOWS: Gitta Alpar, the well-known singer and actress, arriving in Hungarian costume—an outfit that included an elaborate and picturesque headdress—to attend the "Old Budapest Masquerade" held at Claridge's in aid of the Girls of the Realm Guild. Miss Alpar has a leading part in C. B. Cochran's forthcoming Coronation Revue



OXFORD'S DIMINUTIVE COX: H. P. V. Massey, of Upper Canada College and Balliol, was in control of "A" crew during last Saturday's contest at Henley between the rival trial eights, from which the Dark Blue boat race crew will eventually be chosen. Massey is only 3 ft. high and less than 4 st. in weight, but he has a stentorian voice of almost parade ground calibre. He did quite well in the trial but made one error of judgment

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: John Julius Cooper (*left*), seven-year-old son of Lady Diana Cooper and Mr. Duff Cooper, the War Minister, struck an historic note in the suit of cream and gold brocade which he wore when acting as page to his cousin, Lady Isabel Manners (*right*), daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, at her marriage to Mr. Loel Guinness, M.P. The ceremony took place at the Church of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, E.C.

LEAVING ST. ETHELBURGA'S: Lady Isabel Manners and Mr. Loel Guinness facing the battery of cameras after their wedding which brought a large and fashionable congregation to the City. Following the service the Duchess of Rutland held a reception at 12, Carlton House Terrace, the bridegroom's residence

BESIEGED BY THE PRESS: Another impression of the crowd, including a small army of photographers, which gathered outside the church as Mr. Guinness and his bride left. The numerous flashlights seen in the picture were made necessary by the heavy fog that had practically plunged the City into darkness

THE GUINNESS - MANNERS WEDDING, AND OTHER PICTURES OF PERSONAL INTEREST

ART OF THE MANNEQUIN: A bathing wrap shown to advantage by one of the sixteen student mannequins of a German Fashion Centre who came over to England a few days ago to give a display at a well-known West End hotel. The polished technique of these girls attracted much attention, and in their deportment they compared favourably with the products of London's mannequin schools

A TRUNK CALL CHESS MATCH: Mr. G. W. Yonge (right) of the Athenæum team, making a move during the game played over the telephone between the Athenæum Club of London and the Chess Club of Grantham. The 'phoning hardly delayed the match at all

FROM SUMMER INTO WINTER: Mr. William J. Fitzgerald, the Attorney General of Northern Rhodesia, and Mrs. Fitzgerald pictured together at Waterloo Station on arrival from Africa last week. Mr. Fitzgerald was formerly in the Nigerian administrative service

"THE MIDNIGHT BRIDE": Mrs. Maud Barnett trying on her wedding gown before her marriage to Colonel Jacob Maller, a member of a prominent Russian family and formerly an officer in the Tsarist Army. In accordance with Russian custom the reception was held in the evening, and it was attended by many notabilities of the old regime including Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Boris

THE DUKE OF ALBA AND BERWICK seen in Rotten Row with his young daughter. A few days ago the duke's Madrid home, the Palacio de Liria, was bombed by rebel planes and was burnt to the ground

THE DUCHESS OF KENT leaving the Greek Cathedral, Moscow Road, Bayswater, after attending a memorial service to mark the occasion of the reinterment in Greece of the remains of her uncle and aunt, King Constantine and Queen Sophie

A FRIENDLY VISIT FROM A FORMER FOE: The 22,640-ton *Yawuz Sultan Selim*, once the German battle-cruiser *Goeben* and now the flagship of the Turkish Fleet, steaming into the harbour at Malta when she arrived to pay a call at Britain's major Mediterranean naval base. A picture sent to us by a "Sphere" reader

Law on the High Seas

Particularly in Relation to the Threatened Blockade of Spain's East Coast

THE threat of blockade and of other naval operations on the coasts of Spain has had the effect of raising the status of that struggle from a purely domestic affair to one which touches closely upon the interests of the great Powers. There has been talk of belligerent rights, of effective blockade, of visit and search. The British Government have declared a policy which involves the protection of British shipping outside the territorial waters of Spain.

To-day there is not that implicit confidence in the potence of international law which existed during the last century, when British naval power was supreme and could see that the law was observed upon all the seven seas.

But international law remains. It is not so powerful an instrument as it used to be, but it still has certain deterrent effects. And this question of naval action off the Spanish coasts is governed by the rulings of international law.

General Franco has threatened to institute a blockade of those parts of the Spanish coasts which remain in the hands of his opponents. The immediate reaction abroad was a series of discussions as to whether General Franco and the Madrid Government were to be recognised as belligerents. That may seem an academic question raised long after the event. But, under international law, the recognition of belligerents conveys certain rights upon those belligerents. For instance, unless belligerent rights have been accorded, no blockade is legal. And if a ship is made a prize when a blockade is illegal, the company owning the ship will have to be substantially recompensed. This may not happen until the war is over, but it does have a deterrent effect. Moreover, there is always the undoubted fact that violation of international law by a State or Government tends to enlist against the wrongdoer "the moral sympathy of the rest of the world.

Great Britain has not recognised the contending parties in Spain as belligerents. Therefore any blockade is illegal under international law, and the diversion or apprehension of British ships is also illegal.

But international law does not automatically sanction as legal a blockade just because it is declared by a belligerent. It demands that the blockade, in order to be legal, shall be effective. This provision is necessary because otherwise some irresponsible belligerent might declare a blockade in order to legalise the capture of some particular ship.

There has been much argument as to whether General Franco could make a blockade of the east coast of Spain effective. Certainly he has at least two efficient cruisers, but they would have in their rear the Government submarines.

If we had recognised the Spanish contestants as belligerents we should had to make formal declaration of neutrality. Then, if either side could impose an effective blockade, they would have the right to visit and search any British ship on the high seas.

But in its action of refusing to recognise the parties as belligerents, and in stating that the carriage of arms to Spain in British ships is illegal; while at the same time letting it be known that the British Navy will protect British shipping outside the three-mile limit of Spanish territorial waters, the British Government has made a very clever [illegible] It is, in fact, proposing to get the best of both [illegible] Under its declaration, if a British ship is appre[illegible] with a cargo of arms, that cargo is illegal by British [illegible] and it is therefore no concern of the British Government. On the other hand, if a Spanish warship apprehends a British ship which is not carrying arms, the blame lies with the Spanish authorities concerned.

Kenneth Edwards

Morocco's Tower of Babel

The Polyglot Aspect of Modern Tangier and its Government

NESTLING in a pleasant bay surrounded by hills Tangier, the Moroccan Tower of Babel, tries hard to satisfy all the nations who want to govern it and is to-day the Cinderella of the North African coast.

The warships of three nations lie in the Bay and the senior naval officer of the port depends upon what nation has the good sense to send a very senior officer to cruise in these waters.

Its international aspect strikes you immediately you land from the tender and a Moor takes your baggage to the Customs shed. Your passport is examined by a Spaniard, who addresses you in French, and stamps the passport in Spanish.

Then you cross over to the Customs and a Frenchman asks you if you have anything to declare. And when you leave the shed you are immediately surrounded by Moorish, Riffian, and Spanish taxi-drivers, who clamour in a babel of tongues for your custom.

But if you decide to walk, as I did, you will receive curses in at least three different languages with a Parthian shot in pidgin English. Italian, British, and French sailors stroll through the town, going their several ways and ignoring one another. And half of the cafés hang out their signs in French and the other half in Spanish, sprinkled here and there with Italian.

A colourful pageant of life passes through the narrow streets and old Moorish archways; hooded Berbers on donkeys, red-fezzed Moors on foot, regal looking Riffs astride their horses, and veiled women crowding the sidewalk and pushing their way through Frenchmen and Spaniards in lounge suits and desert folk in flowing gowns. Taxi-cabs, bicycles, and street vendors who walk in the middle of the road add to the general confusion, while a sleepy-looking policeman leans peacefully against a shop window and dozes in the warm sun.

Meanwhile the many officials of the International Settlement try subtly to develop it on their own national lines. At one time the struggle, not open, of course, was mainly between France and Spain, for their nationals formed the greater part of the population, but now Italy is becoming a strong competitor, while Britain holds a watching brief and now and again extends a strong hand. But not strong nor permanent enough, in the eyes of her own nationals in Tangier.

French and Spanish are the compulsory languages for officials and also for those who want to do any business there. But for the tourist a knowledge of either tongue is sufficient to get about. Francs, pesetas, and sterling pass through the shops and hotels freely, with the French unit holding first place in currency.

The Government is of a most peculiar composition and the law courts even more so. It starts with a Legislative Assembly, presided over by a representative of the Sultan of Morocco, who in turn is influenced by subtle French supervision. It includes four Frenchmen, four Spaniards, three Britons, two Italians, one Belgian, one Dutchman, one Portuguese, and one American. The American, however, does not exercise his right to sit in the Assembly, as his country does not think much of the International Settlement. Thus there is a U.S. Minister to Tangier, but consuls general for all other countries.

The Legislative Assembly is completed with six Muslim members, nominated by the Mendoub, the Sultan's representative, and three Jews chosen by the Mendoub from a list of nine candidates submitted by the Jewish community. Each community, of course, nominates their own members.

The present administrator is French. His original term of office was for six years, but he apparently proved so successful that it was extended for a further six. That term is now due to expire, and the next administrator in rota should be Spanish, but for diplomatic reasons the appointment has been deferred. Each nationality represented in the Legislative Assembly should ultimately have a subject of its own country as administrator, if the Settlement remains international for a sufficiently long period.

Immediately below the administrator comes another strange confusion with three assistant administrators. There is a Briton in charge of finance, a Spaniard in charge of public health and poor relief, and an Italian as a supervisor of justice, who interprets moot points of law affecting the zone. Which latter is rather useful to Italy at the moment.

The next complication of the governing body is the committee of control. This is composed of all the consuls general represented on the Legislative Assembly, which, of course, excludes the representatives of the belligerent nations of the war, Austria and Germany.

This peculiar committee, whose members naturally never see eye to eye with one another, vetoes any laws the Assembly passes and with which it does not agree. Here again each nationality in turn has its chance of acting as president. At the moment he is an Italian and he certainly throws his weight about—much to the disgust of other nationalities who are waiting their turn to get their own back.

And so this babel of government goes on while Tangier struggles desperately to be prosperous in an international sense, speaking French and Spanish officially, but every language under the sun unofficially and using most units of exchange.

The International Settlement is only allowed to tax goods which are to be consumed within her narrow borders of 200 sq. miles, thus often acting as a clearing port for the French and Spanish zone, but having to pay the officials' salaries.

The Spaniards run the police and the French run the Customs. The British don't run anything very much, and the Italians at the moment want to run the whole place. The police is a most extraordinary body of about a hundred men, of whom 50 per cent. are Moors and the other half Europeans. The European element includes Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, and one lone Englishman.

Nevertheless, it is a very pleasant place for a tourist to live and not at all expensive, despite this babel of organisation. A warm sun shining out of a cloudless, blue sky during the day and cool nights attract a large number of retired Englishmen. They occupy villas on the hills outside the town and are known locally as the "mountaineers." As they are mostly Service officers and Government officials who have spent the greater part of their lives in the tropics, their pastimes range widely from tennis to pig-sticking.

The legal system includes a mixed court and a native court. In the former each of the various European communities has its own judge, who operate again in rota. Thus many private quarrels may be settled in the name of justice.

France is by far the biggest importer; Britain the smallest, while Italy and Spain fight for what goes between.

The exchange question often has some humorous repercussions, as for instance, when I wanted to get into the Spanish zone. Previous to the outbreak of the civil war in Spain (which, of course, started in Morocco) an endorsement on a British passport was sufficient to carry you through all French and Spanish Morocco, including the International Settlement in Spain.

Now the British consul has to give you a special letter certifying that you are a fit and proper person to travel into the Spanish Zone, for which he charges the sum of 3s. 6d. First I went to the consular office and after paying this sum in English money, procured the letter.

Then I went on to a British bank to change English money into pesetas, which is the only unit of exchange operating in the Spanish zone. But the official would have none of it; pesetas are not quoted officially these days. Thus I had to go to a money-changer and haggle in the market-place for sufficient pesetas to purchase my ticket into the Spanish zone. Finally after procuring this I took a taxi back to my hotel and the driver had to be paid in francs. He cursed me in pidgin English for not giving him a large enough *pourboire*. And being an Irishman, I replied in American film jargon.

Jerome Willis

LITHUANIA'S MODERN CAPITAL

Glimpses of Kaunas and Its Up-to-date Buildings

A CITY'S ARCHITECTURAL RENAISSANCE: A church nearing completion (*above*) and the rear of the new Military Museum (*right*); edifices in the modern manner typifying the immense progress now being made in the development of Kaunas (the former Russian fortress town of Kovno). Although at present known only as the provisional capital of Lithuania, the people regarding Vilna, in neighbouring Poland, as the rightful seat of the Government, Kaunas is none the less the nerve centre of the Republic, and to-day its new buildings and spacious streets are worthy of its growing importance

DIGNITY IN CONCRETE: The striking frontage of the Military Museum opened last spring. It stands at the foot of a tree-clad hill

IN THE MAIN HALL OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE: A frieze of enlarged reproductions of Lithuanian stamps gives an added touch of originality to the décor of this building

"THE HOUSE OF THE GOD OF THUNDER": This quaintly named building, with its Gothic interlaced arches, dates from the 14th century and is one of the show places of the city

A REMINDER OF TSARIST DAYS: A row of some of the original one-storey shop premises in Kaunas which eventually will all be swept away

STREET SCENE: Kaunas has no tramway service, buses being deemed infinitely more efficient. In every quarter good concrete roads have taken the place of the former wood paving

A JEWISH GIRLS SCHOOL erected near the opera house. Of the city's total population of 104,000 it is estimated that at least a third are of the Jewish faith. During the Russian occupation the proportion was even greater

"THE TIGER": William Develin in his "make up" as Clemenceau in the television version of Reginald Berkeley's play about the great French statesman. Develin is only twenty-four, but he has a remarkable capacity for portraying old age

TELEVISION IN BEING:

By W. HOLT WHITE

IT is said that the days of miracles are past. And until this week I took that for a fact. But now I am in doubt, for at the B.B.C. television station at Alexandra Palace I saw as near a miracle as may be. And this was the performance of it.

You must exercise a modicum of television for yourself. You must cast your mind's eye back from your wireless sets—or it may be your television sets—from the room in which you sit to the studio at Alexandra Palace, in which I saw the miracle that day.

Look with your mind's eye and see a vast apartment—a place somewhat similar to an average film studio, but smaller. None the less, vast.

There are the usual lights and cameras for vision and the swinging "mike" boom for sound. There is gathered—only in fewer numbers—the motley crowd one sees in the normal film studio—the assistant producers, the property men, the make-up people, the engineers and the rest of them,

MAKING HIS DEBUT ON THE AIR: Capitan, the swaggering bully of the *Commedia dell 'Arte*, in a recent televised version of a production from The Mask Theatre, Linden Gardens, W.2

each playing his part in bringing order out of the chaos of cables and of gadgets.

Only one familiar figure is missing; that all-important man, the Director—called at Alexandra Park, the Producer—who in film studios, mostly megaphone in hand, is the dominating factor.

In the television studio the director is up in the control box, set up near the distant roof behind glass. He sits, rather blurred to the eye, like a fish in an aquarium tank, between his vision control man and his sound engineer. At rehearsals his voice comes uncannily from a flat-faced loud-speaker built in the wall beneath his box. But when the television is in actual broadcast he gives his orders to his camera men through the headphones strapped to their ears.

AMID THE MYSTERY MECHANISM of the Alexandra Palace. The Marconi-E.M.I. system control room containing the synchronising oscillators and emitron camera amplifiers

This procedure I should explain is in the Marconi studio. In the Baird studio, which I have not seen at work, I understand that the producer directs things from the floor.

Well, the scene is set for the television version of *The Tiger* by Reginald Berkeley, the electrifying play of the life of Clemenceau. There it is, a meagre setting—just a table backed by a wall and a door. But that is all that was necessary. That amazing young man, William Develin, who is but twenty-four and can present men old as time itself, did the rest—or very nearly so. For his was not the performance of the miracle but merely—though a potent one—a performer in it. So we come to the miracle itself.

And here, again, I must ask you to complete your trick of television. Cast your minds afresh into the studio, and note that the scene is set in one corner. In the centre I sit with half-a-dozen others facing a reception set. An ordinary reception set such as anyone can buy. But what this reception meant was this.

As I sat I could, out of the tail of my left eye, observe Ronald Adam as he faced the vision camera while the microphone swung just above him. Adam was telling us with intent mien and wonderful diction the outline of the play. And with my right eye—it sounds as though I have an outward squint, but I have not—I could watch the reception instrument. And there, in a looking-glass, perhaps 15 ins. wide by 10 ins. deep, was reflected from the round white concave disc of the reception set which resembles nothing so much as a gramophone cabinet, the fixed disc taking the place of the revolving record, a complete and instantaneous picture of what was being enacted on my left. And as Develin took the stage and gripped one, so the marvel of what was passing gripped one the more.

I have, of course, seen television projections before and wondered at them. But this was different. Here was where the miracle was made.

In houses far away, pictures identical to those I saw in the studio were appearing on reception sets of various makes. Amazing enough in itself. But here was I sitting alongside the actors, watching their faces in the actual flesh—seeing, for instance, Clemenceau lifting his left eyebrow, and then seeing his facial tricks instantly reflected back in the glass.

Yet his eyebrow had been "visioned" by the cameraman facing him; had travelled to the control room by wire and then passed to that immense and intricate piece of machinery which was receiving it and broadcasting it without any time lag, as time can be calculated.

As he spoke so was Develin "visioned," received, and broadcast back in the same second, into the very room in which he stood—into that same room in which I sat. If he had been facing the set Develin could have seen himself taken into the ether and through the ether presented back to himself.

The impression was in one way, perhaps, unfair. I could watch Develin, as it were, pass through wires to the ether and come back to earth from the ether through the glass. And, as the vision of him passed and returned through the ether I could hear his own real voice. No sound was allowed through this reception set because the waves of it in the studio would have jarred on the broadcast.

But later in the day I was in the lucky position of being able to correct what was perhaps an over-realistic impression. *The Tiger* was being broadcast twice that day, and at night I went to B.B.C. headquarters and looked and listened again. And there were Develin's face and voice coming through the ether to me again.

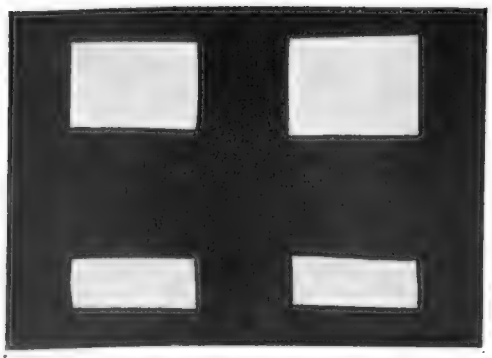
Now the reception set at Broadcasting House was similar to that at Alexandra Palace. But sitting in Portland Place in dim quietude and comfort, I was able to see what I had not been able to grasp before amid the visual distractions of the studio. I learnt the secret of the spell of television. And I learned it in this way.

Into the television version of *The Tiger* were interpolated strips of film—war scenes, scenes of disaster and scenes of victory. But they were films—just films.

Let me try to explain. The glass in which is reflected the picture from the disc is square. But the vision projected from the disc is of necessity round. And it is concave. So one receives the impression of crystal-gazing. One gazes into the crystal but the human beings one sees—the "Prisoners of the Opal"—are real.

But the moment a film is introduced one at once goes back to the impression of moving photography. Moving

A LESSON IN THE NEW MEDIUM: Mr. John Logie Baird (centre) watching a pupil under instruction at the new Television School in Leicester Square where Mr. Harold Bradly (left) is now engaged in teaching radio artists "the other half" of broadcasting technique. How many of the existing stars will manage to adapt themselves successfully remains to be seen



WHEN A PROGRAMME STARTS: What the "viewer" sees on the panel of his television set during the tuning-in process

INTRODUCTORY: Next comes the announcement of the system by which the programme is to be broadcast, followed by—

THE ANNOUNCER HIMSELF: Mr. Leslie Mitchell looms into view and gives details of the entertainment that is to come

THE SHOW IS ON: A participant in the Lord Mayor's procession, dressed as one of the early defenders of London, as he appeared to the viewer when broadcasting

Looking into the Crystal at the "Prisoners of the Opal"—The Miracle that is Wrought Daily at Alexandra Palace

photography, and that seen as in a glass darkly. It dissatisfies one with cinematography—it makes one rather annoyed with films. One wants to get back to crystal-gazing. To watch the "Prisoners of the Opal." To hear their voices ringing through the ether. To watch their bodies so small but yet so real, and so seemingly tangible that one feels that if one were to shoot out a finger into the crystal one could stay their action or move them about. Of course one couldn't really move these living and breathing midgets because these Lilliput "Prisoners of the Opal" of the receiving set are merely the etherised reflection of free men and women at Alexandra Palace.

But suppose as time goes on improvements in transmission and reception enable one to see—it may be even vast crowds—life-size! Suppose—oh well, television is now but an etheric infant. When it grows up! The mind boggles at the possibilities.

But we must televise ourselves back again. Back to those Northern heights of Alexandra Palace where the miracle makers work. And we may ask why the B.B.C. picked out that forbidding pitch.

(*Cont. on p.* 480)

AT TELEVISION G.H.Q.: The 80-ft. tower of the Alexandra Palace Station. An infra-red picture revealing the great steel structure in intimate detail. During the past twelve months the B.B.C. has spent in the neighbourhood of £120,000 on the installation there of transmitters and other equipment

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW TELEVISED: "Viewers" watching a participant in the procession on the vision panel of the latest type of Marconi set, an instrument that is no more difficult to operate than the ordinary sound receiver. At present the screen occupies a comparatively small space, thus very considerably handicapping the producer, but developments in this direction are anticipated in the near future

IN A NEW YORK STUDIO: One of the first experimental television broadcasts made in America in progress in the R.C.A. transmission room in the Empire State Building under the auspices of the Columbia and N.B.C. networks. Television demands the use of extensive lighting effects and other paraphernalia that is entirely new to broadcasting and is, indeed, more reminiscent of a Hollywood set

MAJORCA IN ITS POST-WAR HEYDAY: Tourists outside a hotel at Pollensa

The BALEARICS

The Exotic Island Group Once Beloved of Tourists and now a Pawn on the Mediterranean Chessboard

By FERDINAND TUOHY

OF the divers Continental efflorescences of the alas-too-soon legendary nineteen-twenties, probably none knew a more exotic growth than the Balearics.

Majorca had long known a modest foreign settling of artists, retired naval people, stayaways of slender pocket but capacious hankering after beauty and peace, while tourists fitfully came and went, but it was a case of good-bye to all that about ten years ago, 1926–27, although not for some time later did Robert Graves appear locally, in due and certain course to become the island's Intellect No. 1.

The migration Palma-wards primarily derived from tiredness with the crazy Victory round, especially a craving to get away from the crowd. Paris, the Riviera, Capri, and the rest had all been squeezed and in the process become loud and "spoilt." Somewhere quieter, simpler, more natural was indicated.

In the sequel around peak times half-a-dozen years ago there came to be as many as 4,000 foreign residents or dawdling transients on Majorca, while Ibiza was coming along nicely—in part owing to early Majorcans soon complaining that the bigger isle was growing "too touristy." Very few ever took on Minorca, a flat, windswept, dull, fleet-impregnated affair. One had to be very much involved in a *solitude-à-deux* to take on Minorca for any length of time.

Celebrities honoured the Balearics—a Noel Coward, a Fairbanks, a Gertrude Lawrence. Well-known couples honeymooned before the camera at lovely Formentor. Prominent Hitler refugees sought a cheap security locally. When the cruise broke upon the holidaying firmament Majorca became constant "news," as reputed hectic beauty-spot. Everyone was supposed to live in sin there—men and women led treble lives. And nobody apparently bothered to put on any clothing (which was quite wrong, the Palma Watch Committee even refusing to have pyjamas in the streets or cafés).

Majorcan fashions—sweeping sun-hats, outside beads, gaudy neckerchiefs, bags, and sandals—were exported even to Deauville which had to contrive a synthetic substitute for its impudent southern upstart's "too marvellous" sun-tan. Majorca boomed on sun mania when this first came in.

May was the month. May or October. May for unrivalled flowers almost hiding the white and blue houses. By day one lazed on terraces and beaches, glancing twice if not thrice at some of the company in their sunbathing appeal, although one understands the younger generation's eyes no longer wander thus: that it all passes now unnoticed. Magyar and Slav, Nordic and Sudic, Viking, Briton, American—all were on parade, even an occasional Spaniard or Mallorcan. The ex-central Empires alone mustered a thousand strong at one period. Yet it was the Anglo-American element that dominated, particularly in the wide choice of bars and "dancings" and night places.

Because so cheap, some of the alien drinking shocked the locals—although they themselves would get pretty pickled on a foul form of absinthe or a litre of dynamite wine costing 7d. Palma held 80,000 of the island's total 350,000 thickly-strewn population, yet if opinions might vary I could not see much to attract. Squat and ugly, shut off, scowling, and unhygienic for the most part. And so curious about women. Neither Spanish, Catalan, or anything else: rather, a highly indigenous stew as passed down the ages from Phoenicians, Moors, Vandals, Carthaginians, Dutch, Romans, and what-have-you. With smuggling, agriculture, minerals, tourists, and Juan March, the locals were doing pretty well when I last passed by. March the millionaire Fascist "animator" had oil and industry, transport, including sea and aerial connection with Barcelona, the banks, and four private residences. If ever the term can be used, March "was" Majorca, and presumably very much still is. He made his first real pile supplying Gibraltar with fresh vegetables during the war. March has supplied lots of things in his day.

Up country were to be found the real stayaways—exiled Germans, chiefly, living *en pension* in peasant farmhouses at 2 pesetas a day. Majorca was probably littered with sadness—with real hard cases as distinct from those one was constantly bumping into. However, it is all dissolved now—all taken off by H.M.'s ships, save rare seeing-it-through cases such as Mrs. Cecil Alden, and Heaven knows if we shall ever again see another *Majorca en fleur*. The Balearics used to be boosted as "the Innocent Isles." We shall have to look for a new label hereafter.

Strange that my ultimate memory of Palma is associated with war, not peace. It was 1934 and the Editor of the *Palma Post* said in as many words: "You can't sneak off like this! You've been enjoying yourself here, and you've got to fill my front page to-morrow—free, of course!" Strange that it wasn't filled with an appreciation of bars, and flowers, and nudism, but with a weighty piece entitled *Sea and Air Only*, in the course of which it was urged that England should finally drop the idea of being a militarist Power on land—clear case of journalistic prescience thrown away in a corner of the Middle Sea.

I have just been listening to a first-hand account of the Palma of to-day.

"Nearly all the hotels and pensions are closed. Grand is the only place doing any business. It gets the Italian officers, flying about forty. The whole town is Fascist throughand through, from the moment you land and are confronted by a squad of infants in blue shirts. Armed boys, boys, boys, some not fourteen years old yet mounting guard outside the prison, rifle complete. Inside are over 1,000 'suspects' and executions go on all the time. Probably very few will survive to tell the tale.

"I was allowed into the town only as an exceptional case. Everybody has to stay on board while in port. Even so, an official accompanied me, and I was forbidden to converse with, or as much as approach a soul. You have to give the Fascist salute repeatedly, and already the baby blueshirts are beginning to say 'Duce' as well as 'Franco'. The whole atmosphere is naval and military. All the time silver Italian aeroplanes roar overhead, driving the Young wild with joy. The Island's one regular link with outside is a daily Savoia-Marchetti to and from Rome. No one doubts that it acts as a liaison between Mussolini and the temporary Government which is heavily influenced by the Italian Count Rossi.

"The harbour is more or less empty save for Italian destroyers and an occasional British or French destroyer or light cruiser, usually moored well out. The oddest thing is to see French shore parties raising their fists in the Communist salute and shouting the 'Internationale' as they pass Italian shore parties giving the Fascist salute and bawling 'Giovinezza!'

"Of course the Italian dominance has come to stay, unless somebody does something about it. If Franco wins, it's not a case of his directly making anything over to Italy. That would not be necessary. All Mussolini wants, at this stage anyhow, is the use of a naval and air base in the Balearics, and that base Franco, as Italy's ally, can quite legitimately concede. It is what people expect locally."

It will be interesting to see how far Mussolini is allowed to go ahead with his project, because up till now the Fascists (and Nazis) have just strode forward as they willed. Yet with the Balearics it very probably should prove different. France and Britain being determined to keep their hold on the Mediterranean, it will not be possible for them to allow Fascist dominion to implant itself in such unique strategical latitudes as Palma and Minorca. France and Britain will have to share in any such dominion at the very least.

There was a fear at one time that French Fascism might prevail, and that this would unite the Latin sisters (Italy–Spain) in an attempt to share the Mediterranean against the Nordic John Bull, but that risk seems to have passed. An article by André Tardieu, Fascist in sympathy and by no means friendly to England, may be a milestone. He tells Mussolini politely that he is now wrong, speaks throughout of France and England acting together in the Mediterranean, and what is more, the ex-Premier does so in the out-and-out Fascist *Gringoire*, the same whose base calumnies sent Salengro to the grave.

Tardieu's stand is a weight off some people's minds. Possibly this realist came under the influence of the French General Staff, now fully aroused to the peril of a third hostile frontier suddenly emerging along the Pyrenees, should Franco-Mussolini-Hitler conquer south of them. It was the French Chief of Staff, General Gamelin (who would be generalissimo in war) who concluded military agreements with the Duce in Rome in early 1935, but to-day this supreme officer is alive to the fact that if France allowed England to take a knock now, France herself would be the next on the list, and standing all alone. In the rue St. Dominique the full import of the Balearics issue is on that account thoroughly grasped.

The France of Poincaré sought twice in vain to acquire the island group of destiny. A treaty would have gone through with King Alfonso and Primo de Rivera but for the cat being let out of the bag at an inopportune moment. France would have had a right to use the Balearics in case of war in connection with the transfer of her coloured army across from Africa, while at the same time being assured that no one would come between her and her North African possessions during hostilities. So keen was she that France even tried to buy the islands outright in 1927, and it was following this that King Alfonso decided to refortify the group on modern lines. After all, if they were still so frightfully important as the French action indicated, Spain had better strengthen her hold locally, else Majorca and the rest would assuredly be seized from her one day.

The work of fortification continued until recently and the rebels have inherited from the Republic that footed the bill. It was the explanation of the repeated spy scares in the Balearics and the latter-day uncouthness towards foreigners displayed by local officials and officers who feared prying eyes.

Another crucial circumstance for France is that a hostile Fascist bombing force based in the Balearics could *faire le navet*, or go backwards and forwards with tonloads of explosives destined for Toulon and Marseilles, to say nothing of Montpellier, Toulouse, and a few more places.

So there you have the once exotic Balearics, focal point of paganism among the victors in the last war and looking mighty like producing the *casus belli* of the next.

On right—A VITAL STRATEGIC POINT: A sketch map showing the position of the Balearics in relation to Spain, and also the positions of the British, French, Spanish Government, and Spanish insurgent warships that have of late been standing by in this western part of the Mediterranean

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"H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD": This picture was painted in 1854 and is one of the many royal portraits now on view at 15 Old Bond Street, where Messrs. Knoedler are holding a loan exhibition of the works of Winterhalter in aid of the War Service Legion. Prince Leopold was the youngest son of Queen Victoria and became Duke of Albany in 1881. His daughter is Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and his son is the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha

Lent by His Majesty the King

The Winterhalter Exhibition

The Display at Knoedler's Galleries of the Work of the German Artist who in his Day Enjoyed European-Wide Fame as a Royal Portrait Painter

Lent by Mme de Seynes-Larlenque

"THE COUNTESS AUGUSTE DE POURTALÈS"

"QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ARTHUR AT OSBORNE"

Two more examples of the art of Winterhalter whose skilful and elegant composition is seen in his many portraits of royal and other celebrities of Victorian days. In the picture on the right the Queen is holding in her arms her third son, the present Duke of Connaught—now eighty-six years of age

Lent by Mrs. Derek Fitzgerald

WHEN SOVEREIGNS MEET: Queen Victoria *(centre)*, looking very demure and childlike, with the Prince Consort standing behind her, King Louis Philippe of France on her right, and other members of the Orleans family also in the group. A Winterhalter painted at the Chateau d'Eu in 1845 on the occasion of the Queen's State visit to France. Louis Philippe was the son of Egalite, the notorious Duke of Orleans who threw in his lot with the Revolution of 1789 and later voted for the death of Louis XVI. He was chosen King of the French after Charles X had been compelled to abdicate in 1830

THE WIN

A West End Show

Victoria, Prince Albert, and the Royal circle of that time. Many of these works are quite well composed and show a complete mastery of the pencil and the brush. But these particular portraits have become somewhat hackneyed, and there is something of the air of a group executed to Royal commission about most of them. It is therefore very pleasant to see what this once highly-patronised, but at the same time, unrecorded painter could accomplish in his freer moments. This one can perceive on the walls of the Knoedler saloons in examples both in oil and water-colour. There are, at the same time, one or two highly finished Royal groups, lent by King Edward and Queen Mary from the royal residences, and these portrait groups are often finished with the meticulous detail of the miniaturist.

These records of Queen Victoria's Court, including her beloved Albert who, at Winterhalter's hands, appears as a very masterly and handsome figure, have been somewhat hardly dealt with as regards subsequent fame. He must have spent many hours studying his royal sitters and all the furnishings which embellished his canvases, but it is hard to find any reference to his being either at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. Certainly the popular historians of Queen Victoria's reign, who have been glad enough to make use of his portraits, are content to dismiss his existence, with the brief words—" by Winterhalter."

After consulting a considerable number of works we have been able to gather a few slender details of his life. He was born in 1806 at Menzen-Schwand in the Black Forest in the early days of Napoleon's imperial sway. He worked at first under grand-ducal patronage, exhibited many pictures at the Salon. His work at this time includes a notable painting of the Citizen King, Louis Philippe. A few years later he must have moved into England, for we find him employed at Windsor and Buckingham Palace on

THE exhibition of the work of Francis Xavier Winterhalter which has just been opened at Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries, Old Bond Street, is interesting for two reasons. It brings together a number of portraits of personages of the early nineteenth century, and it also serves to demonstrate the skill of a portrait painter of whom very little is actually known. He is familiar enough to the reading public from reproductions of his portraits of Queen

On left—PRINCESS WOROZONOFF: A portrait lent to the present exhibition by Mr. Irving T. Bush of New York

Lent by H.H. Princess Marie Louise

TERHALTER EXHIBITION

of Considerable Historic as well as Artistic Interest

Lent by His Majesty the King

QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT AT THE BAL COSTUME ON JUNE 13, 1851: The Queen and her Consort in Carolian dress; a painting of particular interest in that it shows the striking difference in their heights

Lent by Mr. Murray Adams-Acton

BARON VON HERING: A pencil sketch done in Rome in 1834 when Winterhalter was making his grand tour of the European capitals. *On left*—H.R.H. Princess Helena wearing Scottish dress; a youthful portrait of Queen Victoria's third daughter who in 1866 married Prince Christian of Augustenburg, a descendant of the talented Christian III, King of Denmark and Norway

"ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF HUNGARY": The beautiful daughter of Maximilian I, King of Bavaria, who married Francis Joseph of Austria in 1854. Her later years were clouded by continuous misfortune, culminating in her assassination at Geneva

portraits of the young Queen Victoria and her growing family. The earlier portraits of the Queen had been painted by Sir George Hayter, R.A., but soon after the marriage Winterhalter seems to have established his position at the Court. Numerous paintings, drawings, and sketches of its various members appear to have been made up to the period of the early 'fifties.

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH: The daughter of the Count of Montijo, who made her debut in Paris society in 1851 and immediately attracted the attention of Napoleon III. Their subsequent marriage created a big sensation, and the comparatively humble origin of the new Empress caused much jealousy. Under her influence the Court became a centre of great brilliance and luxury

Lent by M. Germain Seligmann

A MIGHTY CHINESE IRON CASTING AND THE PUZZLE OF ITS ORIGIN

A Little-known Work Ante-dating by Very Nearly Five Centuries Anything of a Similar Nature in Europe

THE LION OF TS'ANGCHOW: This great monument stands before the ruins of K'ai Yuan monastery in the Hopei Province of China and although its existence is known to but a few, it is of immense archæological importance in that it reveals that the art of iron casting on a gigantic scale was practised in China some five hundred years before it was in Western Europe. The lotus seat, now balanced precariously on the lion's back, was in all probability occupied at one time by a large figure of Buddha

An American Professor's Discovery

One of the lesser known antiquities of China is the lion of Ts'angchow in the Hopei Province. This giant iron casting still stands, though in a dilapidated condition, in front of the low heaps of ruins which are all that is left of the K'ai Yuan monastery where, according to an inscription that until recently was indecipherable, it was made in A.D. 953. How so large a casting, measuring 20 ft. in height and 16 ft. long could have been produced by the Chinese before any iron castings of importance were turned out in Western Europe has always been a puzzle to archæologists, but now at last a credible solution is forthcoming. Mr. Thomas T. Read, Vinton Professor of Mining at Columbia University, New York, has made an intensive study of the figure and has come to the conclusion that the molten metal was poured in a series of layers, just as a modern concrete building is poured, the operation extending over weeks and perhaps months.

Through the weakening of the foundation the lion has toppled over several times during the past century and a half and as a result is now split into three pieces, and the occupant of the lotus seat is missing. This occupant was quite possibly a cast iron Buddha, and as there is one of these in existence, at a place not fifty miles from Ts'angchow, the Chinese Government would do well to look into the matter with a view to re-uniting mount and rider.

Indeed, it is regrettable that such a fine example of Buddhist art as this should have been allowed to fall into decay, and the above picture, furnished through the courtesy of Dr. Arnold Bryson, of the London Mission at Ts'angchow, gives an idea of its present untended state.

ENTHRONED: This picture, which appears in Vol. IV of Osvald Sirén's masterly work on Chinese Sculpture, gives a definite clue to the appearance of the occupant of the now empty lotus seat on the back of the lion of Ts'angchow

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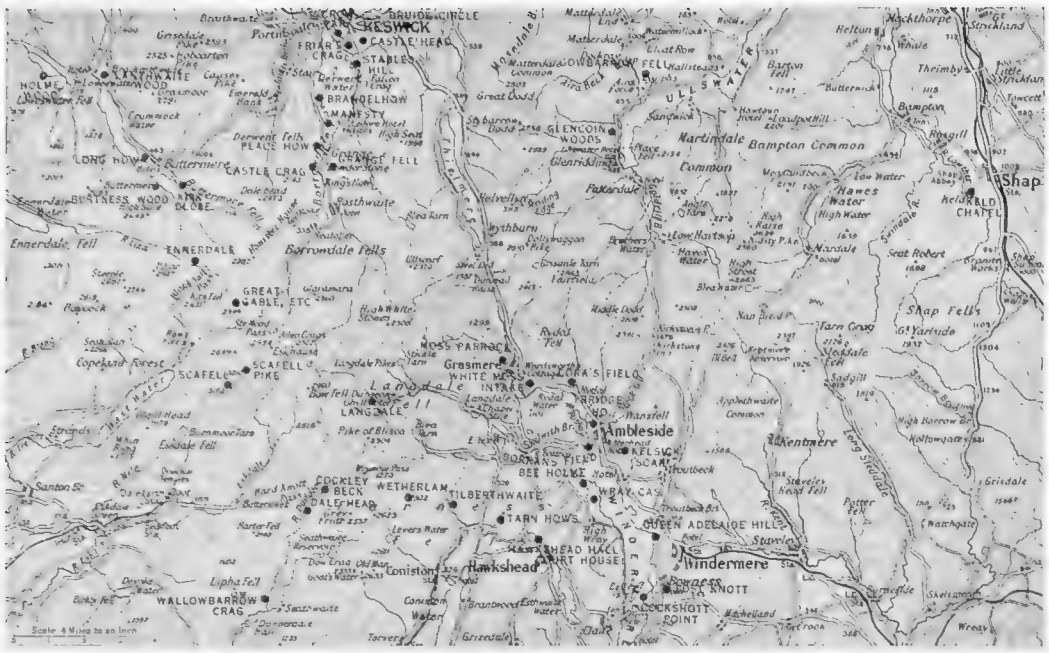
FROM BARCELONA AND BELEAGUERED MADRID

ATH OF AN AIR RAID: Wounded militiamen lying beside a lorry and ting for the arrival of an ambulance following one of the many devastating acks by General Franco's planes which, according to the party of British s visiting Madrid, have partially destroyed or rendered uninhabitable more an a quarter of the city. *On right*—Fighting a fire started by an incendiary bomb

d balcony of a building near ares river. They put up a effect a crossing. *On left*—Piccadilly Circus of Madrid

AN UNDERGROUND REFUGE: A coach and other exhibits from a Madrid museum jumbled together in a cellar to which they were conveyed for safety

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE CARMEN FISH MARKET: A mass of twisted steelwork providing grim evidence of the potency of the 200-lb. incendiary bombs so largely used in attacks by the insurgent air force



BEAUTY SPOTS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT, which are now being preserved through the efforts of the National Trust and the generosity of the general public, are indicated on this sketch map by black dots. It will be noted that particularly good work has been done in the neighbourhood of Keswick and Ambleside

The Work of the National Trust

The Wonderful Use to Which It Puts the Publicly Subscribed Funds at Its Disposal

By CHARLES GRAVES

ALL over the country at the moment secretaries and auditors are winding up the financial accounts of their respective institutes, institutions, and other organisations. One that should interest the British public more than others—even if it does not—is the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty.

It is just forty-one years ago that Miss Octavia Hill, Canon Rawnsley, and Sir Robert Hunter started a movement which in 1907 was incorporated by special Act of Parliament. If you would like to see what the three pioneers looked like you can take a walk in the National Gallery and glance at Sargent's portrait of the trio. Miss Octavia Hill was a famous creature. She was one of the first to believe in educating women to be rent collectors; she was a leader in Victorian re-housing schemes for the working classes; she was also the first person to coin the phrase "a green belt." And needless to say, a green belt round London forty years ago would have been much cheaper to create than to-day.

Sir Robert Hunter was a lawyer, and was associated with the Commons, Open Spaces, and Footpaths Society, as it is now called. Canon Rawnsley began as a parson in Bristol and then took a living in Cumberland, where he became a great character in the Lake District. Canon Rawnsley had volcanic energy. It was he who provided the inspiration on which his two colleagues worked. It was on a visit to Mrs. Fanny Talbot at Barmouth in North Wales that the National Trust originated. He suggested to her that, if the National Trust got under way, she should present 4½ acres to the said Trust. When she agreed, he returned to London and said to his colleagues that if the Trust started he could secure the first 4½ acres. The name of the property was Dinas Oleu, and overlooks Cardigan Bay. To-day the National Trust owns 50,000 acres all over England and Wales, and controls another 15,000 acres. It is actually only five or six years ago that property bequeathed to the National Trust was adjudged free of legacy duties. Despite this, however, there has been a slight falling off in bequests.

In the course of forty-one years the Trust has spent £400,000 on the purchase of property and/or its reconditioning. The trouble is, however, that the public will always subscribe money to protect a property when it is threatened acutely, but seldom before. Unfortunately, the menace of the jerry builder invariably and naturally raises the price of the property.

The present properties owned by the National Trust number about 280, the chief ones lying in Cumberland, where the Lake District is more or less guaranteed immunity, in Somerset, and in Merioneth. It is odd, by the by, that the most recent acquisition of the National Trust is a property at Harlech, only 10 miles from Barmouth where the first tangible result of what once had been only a theory was produced. I happen to know about it because the latest donation has been made by my own mother.

Wales on the whole does not seem to be particularly generous. There is, for example, no property belonging to the National Trust in at least eight counties, and from the south of Llanelly to Dolgelly, in North Wales, there is not a single piece of land owned by the National Trust. The inhabitants of the north of Ireland are even more parsimonious. At the moment there is some talk of a piece of woodland being presented to the National Trust, but so far it is only talk, and the National Trust owns nothing there. In Scotland the local attitude was so averse from presenting anything to the nation that a separate National Trust had to be instituted a few years ago.

During recent years, nevertheless, the work of the National Trust has increased so much that its name occurs continuously in the newspapers. Briefly, its object is to promote the permanent preservation of lands and buildings of beauty or historic interest, together with the animal and plant life affected thereby. It is governed by a council of fifty members, half of whom are nominated by learned bodies such as the British Museum, Oxford and Cambridge, and the Royal Academy. The other half are elected by the subscribing members, who pay 10s. a year and who number 5,000. There is also a secretary with a headquarters staff of eight. The National Trust is the only organisation which holds lands and buildings for the benefit of the nation. True, the Office of Works safeguards a number of uninhabited castles, keeps, and other edifices. But even this power was only presented to it through the initiative of the pioneer members of the National Trust.

Most people imagine that the National Trust is financed by the State. This is quite erroneous. It receives no grant from the Treasury, and the funds for the purchase and upkeep of properties must always be provided either by individuals or through a public appeal—unless, of course, an annual income to maintain some given property is provided with that property itself. In the course of a year many offers of property, either by gift or bequest, are received, but a very high percentage are automatically refused. It may be that the donor is trying to get rid of, metaphorically, a white elephant; or again that the property is too expensive to maintain on the slender income of the National Trust; or again, there may be qualifying conditions which the National Trust must refuse to accept.

Owing to the increasing number of beauty spots which are threatened every year, the National Trust cannot itself launch public appeals except on rare occasions. Meantime the largest group of properties are in the Lake District, and include Friars Crag and much of the shores of Derwentwater; Gowbarrow Fell on Ullswater; and Tarn Hows near Hawkshead. The Trust is also the owner of the Farne Islands off the Northumberland coast, together with Box Hill, Leith Hill, several acres near Hindhead, and half the Pass of Aberglaslyn. Among the places of historic interest owned by the National Trust are a number of Roman camps, the Treasurer's House at York, Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire, and Newtown old Town Hall in the Isle of Wight. The most expensive acquisition of the National Trust is the property near Ashridge. Over £74,000 has been spent on this acreage, although there is an endowment providing an income from £6,000 a year.

Unfortunately, only twelve out of the 280 properties are in a position to charge an entrance fee and thus secure an income for the National Trust.

A glance down the list of properties owned by the National Trust shows immediately their variable character. Alphabetically, for example you find the Bath Assembly Rooms, which are familiar to all readers of Jane Austen and Charles Dickens; a field opposite the Chequers Hotel at Battle; a remarkable group of eighteenth-century limekilns at Beadnell in Northumberland; a shingle spit of 1,100 acres kept as a nature reserve and the nesting site of terns and other sea birds at Blakeney Point, Norfolk; Bodiam Castle in Sussex, with its 12 acres of grounds, museum, and moat; Bolt Head and Bolt Tail in South Devon with its 1,070 acres of cliff lands; Bookham Commons, which consist of 438 acres of woodland; Borrowdale in Cumberland, with its 900 ft. crag and its fine views of Skiddaw; and Bourne Mill with its gables in the Dutch manner, built in 1591 out of older material from St. John's Abbey. These properties and all the rest of them all need a considerable amount of upkeep. Manual labour involves bailiffs, gardeners, and other people; and it takes a great deal of economic management to enable both ends to meet.

One thing is certain—people who subscribe to the National Trust get much more value for their money than do those who subscribe to charity balls and, indeed, most other charitable movements.

The office expenses have been cut to the bone in the case of the National Trust. So, too, have the printing, stationery, and postage stamps; travelling expenses, which amounted to a mere £197 for the whole of last year; the legal charges payable out of the general fund, which came to a trifle over £26; and the audit and accountancy. As to the latter item, I defy the most expert accountant to understand the balance sheet. The ambiguity it raises is not deliberate. It is the automatic result of the many different kinds of legacies, donations, bequests, and annuities provided by the public. This makes it very difficult to understand which properties show a profit and which show a loss, although the latter are obviously in the vast majority. In some cases the expenditure in the course of a year is as little as 7s. 6d., as in the case of the Holnicote Estate. By contrast, Stonehenge cost £805 5s. 7d. last year, though the income derived was £519 17s., leaving a loss of £285 odd. In the case of an attractive piece of land overlooking Harlech Castle the cost of upkeep was 4s., which showed an exact net loss of the said 4s. The Bath Assembly Rooms show a profit of £603.

There is no doubt that the National Trust is a first class institution of national importance, as its name suggests. It is only a pity that more kind people who give property to it are not able also to provide some small annual stipend for its upkeep. That may sound like looking a gift horse in the teeth, but gift horses frequently develop unduly large appetites.

THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM IN THE TREASURER'S HOUSE, YORK: This historic residence, now in the keeping of the National Trust, was presented by Mr. Frank Green and is now one of the show places of the city. Part of the house dates back to the thirteenth century and it contains a valuable collection of furniture

PRE-CORONATION CEREMONIAL—THE COURT OF CLAIMS IN SESSION

The State Opening of the Northern Irish Parliament at Stormont—A picturesque moment at the Surrey Assizes, Kingston

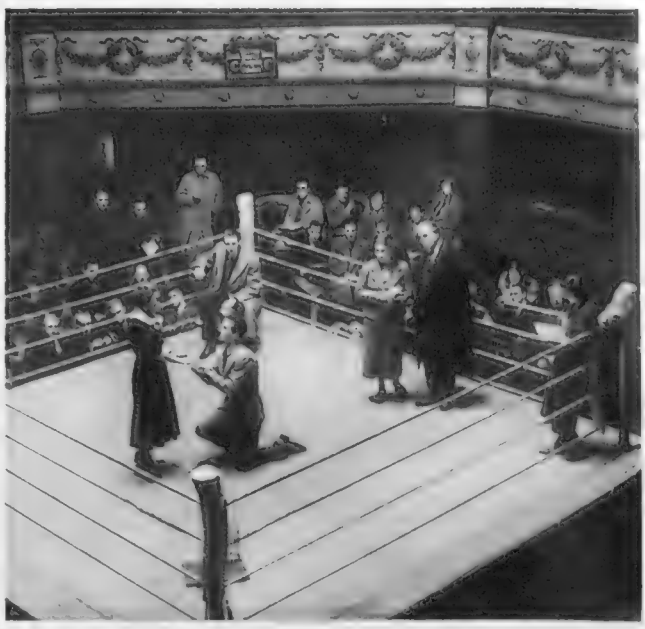
IN SOLEMN CONCLAVE: Members of the Court of Claims in session in the Council Chamber of the Privy Council Office, Whitehall, where in accordance with ancient royal tradition, they met last week to hear and to determine claims of service to be performed at the time of the Coronation. The group seated shows left to right—Lord Cromer, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Thankerton, Lord Hewart, Lord Wright, Lord Onslow, and Lord Normand

Among the many interesting claims made at last week's session of the Court was that of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to instruct the King in the rites and ceremonies of the Coronation. This was allowed, as also was that of Mr. H. J. S. Wedderburn as Royal Standard Bearer of Scotland. The Barons of the Cinque Ports also made good their right to carry the canopies, if used, in the procession in the Abbey and otherwise to have places in attendance

HIS EXCELLENCY THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, Governor of Northern Ireland, shaking hands with Lieutenant D. S. T. B. Dixon, A.D.C., to Major-General Cooke-Collis, on arrival at Stormont to open a new session of the Parliament of Northern Ireland. *On right*—Trumpeters blowing a fanfare at the ceremonial opening of Surrey Assizes, at Kingston

"THE LADY WITH THE LAMP": Kay Francis, one of Hollywood's most intelligent interpreters of screen roles, gives an intensely sincere performance as Florence Nightingale in *The White Angel*, the picture that has been proving such a draw at the Tivoli. Unlike so many historical films its authenticity in the main details bears examination

PLAYS AND FILMS OF



REHEARSING AT "THE RING," BLACKFRIARS, for last Sunday's performance of *Henry V*, which Robert Atkins (seen standing within the ropes) put on in the Elizabethan manner. The Ring, formerly a chapel and since 1910 a boxing arena, stands on the site of the Swan, a theatre of Shakespeare's time

BEING one to whom motor cars, except for sitting in 'em or dodging 'em, are as mysterious as the secret philosophy of Tibetan monks, I am hardly qualified to express an opinion on *Hell-for-Leather* at the Phœnix Theatre. For it is mainly about motors and mechanics. Long, evil-looking green things, with numbers painted on their sides and leather straps round their bonnets—I am referring to the motors and not to the mechanics—they are pushed about and inspected in every act. In the last act, which is the most exciting and the noisiest, a race is supposed to be in progress. We see cars flash past the backcloth at a great speed. They are not real cars but the illusion is excellent. There is, of course, a smash, and that is well done too. An injured driver is brought in on a stretcher and dosed with brandy. Other necessary appliances—petrol tins, doctors, engineers, flags, and a loudspeaker with an unquestionably authentic Frenchman talking through it—are provided.

I was informed by my companion, an expert in such matters, that everything was correct down to the smallest detail, and I can well believe it.

The play itself gives the impression of having been hung on all this technical completeness. The process should, of course, have been reversed. Yet the play will, I think, serve well enough. It is by the author of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* and has its romance and its thrills, though, like some motor cars, it takes a long time to get going; the first act was mainly concerned with cranking the thing up, or getting the water to boil, or—but here I am out of my depth.

During that act I gathered what time the deep drones of powerful engines did not obscure everything, that a manufacturer of motor cars wanted his cars, naturally enough, to go faster than the cars made by his rival. For any part of a play about speed to move as slowly as this was surprising. Later it was revealed that the manufacturer's pretty daughter had been seduced by an offensive bounder employed by the other firm. She now hated him and was in love with someone else.

Mr. Bernard Nedell (by far the best performance) hovered about as a good-natured American, full of brandy, who socked the villain on the jaw, and drove in the race when he was drunk, and did all sorts of heroic things. It was not the villain who was killed in the race but quite a lovable man, well played by Mr. Edgar Norfolk, who did not get on with his wife (Miss Olive Blakeney—with a wretched part for so popular an actress) and who seemed to me to have nothing to do with the story at all. The pretty daughter's new young man was injured in the race but not killed and there was a Brooklandish touch to even the most outlandishly sentimental episodes.

"All Wave."—Whether it was Mr. Archie de Bear's plan in *All Wave*, his revue at the Duke of York's Theatre, to burlesque the B.B.C., and all that it stands for, because that institution is funny, or because it is the reverse of funny, I am not at all clear. But I am quite certain that he would have evolved a better entertainment had he forgotten that the B.B.C. had ever existed.

The scenes where the fun directly depended on the tricks of broadcasting and the habits of broadcasters were too frequent but not too effective. There was one magnificent exception. If this revue were devoid of any other asset, I would suggest that it would be interesting to discuss to what extent one item of super-excellence can carry on its shoulders a host of other items produced by sub-normal brain-power. That, however, cannot be. For, with the exception of a couple of imbecile sketches, this revue is not, as intimate revues go, sub-normal. It merely falls short of the standard I expect from Mr. de Bear. Compared with other revues of its type (including one produced two nights later) it is a masterpiece, and I intend that for higher praise than it may seem.

BEETHOVEN ON SCREEN AND STAGE: Harry Baur, the noted French actor, in his make-up as Beethoven in a new French film which may shortly be coming to this country. The great master of musical harmony was also the central figure in *Muted Strings*, the play which was recently presented at Daly's. In this Keneth Kent took the part

Revue being such a desperately up-to-date business, burlesques of a play such as *White Horse Inn* (produced some little time ago) and of an opera such as *Madame Butterfly* (produced some long time ago) are rather *vieux jeu*. The former was dull, and the repeated appearances of the late Emperor Franz Joseph, somewhat sepulchral. The latter was amusing up to a point; but it suffered from the disadvantage from which operatic burlesques always have suffered in the part, and alway will—*i.e.*, those who are interested in opera aes inclined to resent them, and those who are not interested in opera do not see the point and are just bored by them.

A burlesque of musical entertainment of yet another type—the touring revue which, labelled *Gay Paree*, perambulates pathetically through such towns as Accrington and Chapel-en-le Frith—was, I think, a further mistake. Dog may very well eat dog, in the sense that a West End revue may demonstrate the absurdities of a provincial one, though I can imagine better jokes. But when you put an episode of shabby nit-wittery on the stage of a London theatre, it is inevitably judged on its apparent merits, or the lack of them; it becomes a part of the show and liable to colour the whole of it. In this case the final scene was, in spite of Mr. Stanley Holloway, not strong enough to remove that impression.

To Mr. Holloway I am grateful for a few minutes of joy undiluted. This had nothing to do with his tales of Albert and the Ramsbottom family and other Yorkshire efforts—not even a Yorkshire pudding effort which I found as soggy and as indigestible as most attempts at that doubtful delicacy.

Mr. Holloway, standing in front of a microphone and clad, apparently, in a hearth-rug, showed us the exquisitely humorous lack of humour of the Arctic

THE HOUR: *Reviewed by* PHILIP PAGE

THE ENGLISH CLASSICAL PLAYERS standing in front of the motor coach in which they tour the country, presenting a repertoire of Shakespearian plays at the various towns and villages they visit. They carry their own scenery and lighting equipment with them, packing it into an extraordinarily small space. This picture was taken in Berkshire

explorer, of the Big White Carstairs, who indulges in heroic pioneering amid the big white snows.

This was uproariously funny enough to dispense with any analysis and to defy the need of it. Yet I cannot help wondering how the recent convention arose that a sense of humour is one of those things which manly fellows do not include in their equipment when they set out for the Arctic Circle. A whole play, and quite a successful one, has been written round this very point.

Mr. Naunton Wayne is, as always, a first-rate *compère*—if you like his complacently funny style as much as I do. I am old-fashioned, or new-fashioned, enough to consider that a revue, no matter what the brand, needs a leading lady who indisputably leads. In *All Wave* the leading lady theory has been waived. Miss Peggy Cochrane, however, sang; she also played fantastically difficult jazz music on the piano with much efficiency. After a pyrotechnical version of a famous waltz, Miss Cochrane apologised to two prosperous but unpronounceable players of piano-duets. She should have apologised to Johann Strauss.

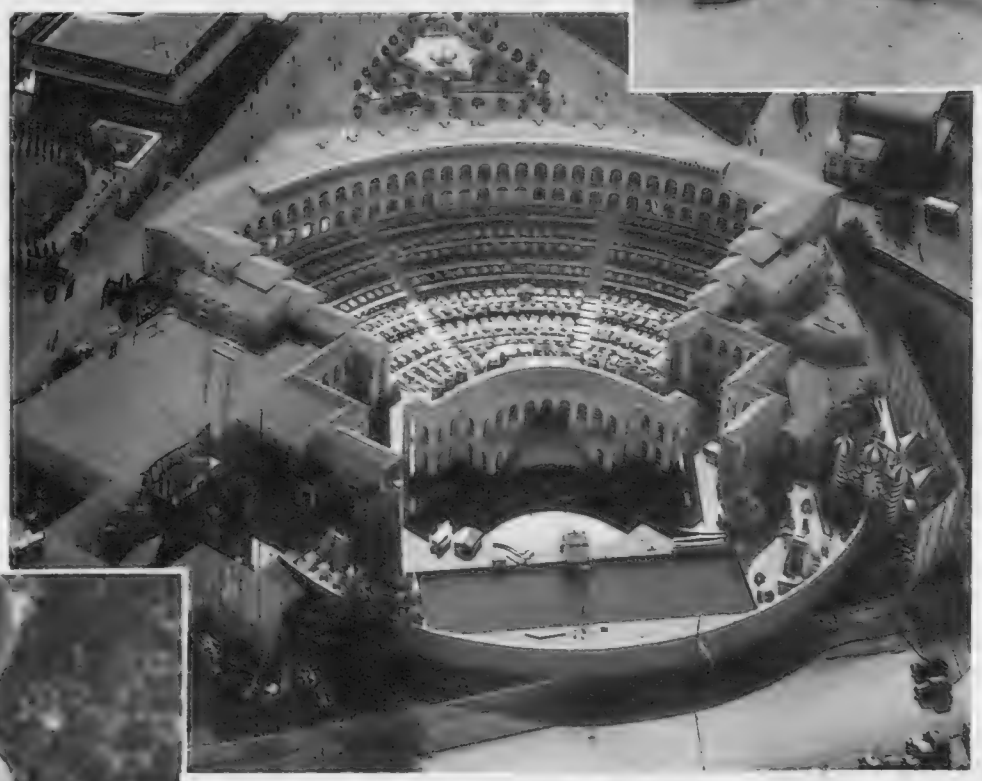
The gloom engendered by the perfectly harmonised "blue" singing of "The Radio Three" was atoned for by Mr. Claud Williams, the cheeriest of conjurers.

"To and Fro."—With young men who consider that all's wrong with the world, and one determined to be devastatingly funny about it, I have every sympathy. It is also a laudable ambition for a youthful gang of authors and composers, mingled with such representatives of an earlier vintage as Lord Berners, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, and Mr. Herbert Farjeon, to be awfully cruel and sophisticated, and grown-up.

To and Fro, at the Comedy, which is the outcome of these ambitions and alliances, has worked out in an odd way. It is the comparative veterans who have contributed what there is of vigour and interest. The remainder of the show, or nearly all of the remainder, is a disappointing mixture of bad temper, bad taste, and, I suspect, a bad attack of growing pains. I insist on saying that the aforementioned revue of Mr. de Bear is, for all its shortcomings, a pleasant revue largely because it is essentially professional and is essentially designed to please. *To and Fro* is for the most part a precocious piece of pretentiousness. With few exceptions beyond the contributions of the trio to whom I have already alluded, the satiric material is made up of literary and political gibes which gibe neither amusingly nor efficiently.

The more conventional revue routine consists of stuff so conventional that its mere survival is exasperating.

"LOVELY TO LOOK AT": Lili Damita, the charming French screen star who made her name in *The Cock-Eyed World*, *The Woman Between* and other American pictures, and her English husband Errol Flynn who appears in *Anthony Adverse*, which was recently generally released



THE VAST OPEN AIR THEATRE AT FORT WORTH, TEXAS, where John Murray Anderson presented the Casa Mañana Revue during the town's Centennial Exhibition this summer. The place has seating accommodation for 5,000 people, a revolving stage 150 ft. in diameter, and a water curtain composed of eighty fountains. Mr. Anderson has only just returned from America, and has been entrusted with the task of devising and staging C. B. Cochran's Coronation Revue written by A. P. Herbert. Gitta Alpar and Binnie Hale will play leading parts

On left—A JOINT EFFORT: Richard Tauber and his wife Diana Napier as they appear in *Land Without Music*, the film which had its gala première in aid of charity at the Plaza last Wednesday, an event that proved a particular draw as Herr Tauber promised to be present in person to sing some of his songs. This talented couple recently completed another picture called *A Day at the Studios*. It is in colour and, as the title suggests, gives a glimpse of life in the film world. None of the players, who range from carpenters and extras to stars, was aware that he or she was being photographed, and the result is said to be both entertaining and naturalistic

Couples dancing and singing sentimentally in dim lighting have always had a lot of damned nonsense about them. Grotesque representations of classical and interpretative dancers are permissible only in the tiniest of doses.

Willingly do I grant some good points—a "French lesson," supervised by Mr. Esmé Percy, all of whose work is good; Miss Hermione Baddeley as an artist's model (excellent) and striving to put some fun, with the gallant assistance of Miss Viola Tree, into some painful absurdity about the Girl Guides; the general efficiency and pleasantness of Mr. Cyril Ritchard; and some good tunes by Mr. Nat D. Ayer, jun., who looks like becoming a rival to Mr. Nat D. Ayer, sen.

But it is a pity that other people's growing-pains should bring so sharp a twinge to those who have long ceased to suffer from them. This should be rather a lovable complaint.

Shakespeare's England.—I hope with all my heart that the be-ruffed shade of Mr. William Shakespeare was present at the Ring, Blackfriars, on last Sunday night when Robert Atkins presented the Bankside Players in Henry V.

If the immortal Will were permitted to step back from eternity into a fraction of mundane time—it is conceivable under the Einstein theory—it must have been one of the proudest hours of his eternal life. It was, above all, his night.

To begin with there was the idea. The idea that Shakespeare should be presented in the Shakespearian manner in a Shakespearian theatre But how to compass that? Someone, in a flash of initiative, thought of The Ring—that queer, octagonal, domed building in the Blackfriars Road. For years it has been the home of boxing of the professional sort. A strange home for the "Noble Art." For in 1783 it was built as the Surrey Chapel. And there, Rowland Hill preached till he died in 1832. Unto this day there hangs in the little office—where "the lads" sign on for fisticuffs, a print which shows the building as it was built as a house of God.

Now structural claims, as a home for Shakespearian drama—as an interlude in its ordinary

(Continued on page 480)

THE FINER POINTS OF AERO-ENGINE CONSTRUCTION demonstrated to the pilots at the Imperial Airways School at Croydon. These students all have extensive flying experience, but this course is intended to fit them for the arduous task of commanding the new flying-boats on the Empire and Atlantic services which will be coming into operation in the very near future

A LECTURE BY THE CHIEF NAVIGATOR INSTRUCTOR on the principle of the bubble sextant, an instrument used for fixing position on long ocean flights. In addition to navigation the curriculum at the school also includes meteorology, wireless telephony and telegraphy, and mechanics. It is more advanced than anything that has ever before been given to pilots

Special SPHERE *pictures by A. Console*

LEARNING THE ART OF COMPASS ADJUSTMENT by taking bearings on a distant object. Yet another aspect of the work at Croydon where the aim is to turn good pilots into super pilots

TRAINING THEM TO BE SUPER PILOTS

Scenes at the Imperial Airways School, Croydon, where an Advanced Course is Being Held for the Men who will Ultimately Command the Big Empire Flying-boats

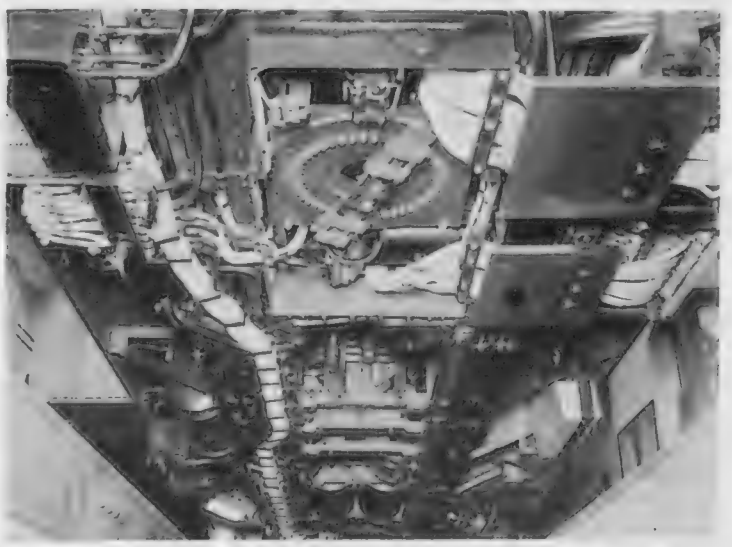
TUBE TRAVEL DE LUXE

The Transport Board's Latest Innovations

LINES OF SPEED: One of the new streamlined trains built experimentally by the London Passenger Transport Board with a view to finding the most satisfactory type of rolling stock for construction under its extension and improvement scheme which is to cost about £40,000,000

A NEW MODEL FOR THE PICCADILLY LINE: An interior view showing the tasteful upholstery now employed and a novel fitment for "strap-hangers" consisting of chromium-plated knobs attached to leather straps suspended from a stout spring fixed in the roof of the car

IN THE DRIVER'S CAB: A comfortable chair (here seen reversed) with two joy-stick controls, one for acceleration and the other for braking. Each of the three windows has a separate windscreen wiper, thus providing a clear view when travelling in bad weather in the open



THE TRACTION EQUIPMENT in the new trains is placed beneath the floor and distributed throughout its length instead of being housed in a special compartment as it is in the old models. This arrangement naturally allows of still more accommodation for the passengers

Great changes are being planned by the L.P.T.B. on its railway system and intensive research is being carried on with a view to eliminating noise, accelerating services, improving brake systems, and introducing modern methods of air-conditioning. As the above pictures reveal, a new type of rolling stock is being tested, and trial runs have already taken place between Northfields and Acton Town. Increased accommodation and improved performance have been the main objectives of the designers, and they have succeeded in evolving a six-car train with about the same carrying capacity as an existing seven-car train. Acceleration, which is extraordinarily smooth, is at the unprecedented rate of 2 m.p.h. per sec. A notable innovation is the method of automatic coupling evolved, one push on a button in the driver's cab being all that is necessary to achieve an instantaneous linking of the electrical and pneumatic connections

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

COUNT LAVALLETTE

LORD BOLINGBROKE

These two figures both form the subject of new publications of historic interest. Count Lavallette, trusted staff officer, friend, and connection by marriage of Napoleon, left behind him the most illuminating memoirs, giving his own impressions of the stirring years between the Revolution and the final overthrow of his Imperial master. The first volume, which is packed with fascinating and little-known material, is published at 10s. 6d. by Lovat Dickson. L. Aldersey White translated it. Married to Mercury *(Constable. 12s. 6d.), is the title of M. R. Hopkinson's biography of the mercurial Lord Bolingbroke and his wives. Bolingbroke, an erratic genius who had many ups and downs of fortune, is perhaps remembered best as the promoter of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, as patron of literature, and friend of Pope and Swift; worst as the insincere arch-intriguer of his day and as a man of thoroughly dissolute habits*

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

THE life to which we are introduced in Mr. Mark Benney's **LOW COMPANY** (Peter Davies. 9s.) is that of what is known as the underworld. For Mr. Benney has been a burglar, and this autobiography is the result of a correspondence he conducted with Mr. Peter Davies while serving a sentence of three years for being caught red-handed in a bedroom in Park Lane.

Nor is Mr. Benney any Raffles. The only old school tie to which he is entitled is that of Borstal, which institution set him up in bodily health at a critical age, but where he met company which did little else than help him plan the finer issues of his future criminal career.

His mother was a prostitute, her associates the "wide" people, the people of the underworld to whom every law-abiding citizen is a "mug." Here, incidentally, is a strange picture of a community within a community, having a code of its own every bit as strict as that of the laws they break, and with penalties possibly more effective.

So the childish ambition was to be a "wide" man, and such education as he received was what is known as elementary, quickly to be supplemented by the rigours of an Industrial School and of Borstal. He developed into a good crook as crooks go, and as crooks go he went—to Wandsworth.

All of which is the least remarkable, in fact the only commonplace thing about Mr. Benney. There are plenty of petty thieves and burglars about but precious few writers with the natural talents of this author. Remember that the bases of his remarkable gifts were the books he could beg, borrow, more often steal, or wrest from the dreary shelves of prison libraries. Why, there are childhood scenes in this book fine enough to wring cries of envy from any seeker after the Dickens touch; there are character sketches to jolt the complacency of any novel reviewer; there are philosophical *dicta* to prove that the author has not only taught himself to take the best out of what he has read but to think for himself.

In fact the talents of this author, springing as they do from such stony ground, are almost incredible and, but for the unimpeachable statement of the publisher, one would suspect a literary hoax.

This book will make a sensation. The most ordinary thing about it is that through its publication a bad burglar will be lost to the world and a new literary star born.

Miss Hilda Vaughan has written incomparably her best book in **HARVEST HOME** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). This wild Hardy-esque tale of the Wales of more than a hundred years ago has a strength and even a violence which have never been apparent before in Miss Vaughan's writing. Her achievement in telling a story which embodies all the elements of melodrama without a hint of overstatement or bathos is a fine one.

In the same way Daniel Hafod, the yeoman farmer who inherits the great house of Hafod, is a real creation. By the crudely black and white standards of melodramas he would have been a deep-dyed villain, a traditional "Sir Jasper," and any catalogue of his actions would put him in that class. The author's art lies in showing him for what he is; a decent man, obsessed by a hopeless love for a girl, and driven by it to increasingly wilful and savage crimes.

Eiluned, the gentle country girl who has given her love to Daniel's sailor cousin, is the innocent cause of a chain of tragedies, for as Daniel's infatuation grows so does his realisation of its futility. Unable to have Eiluned as his own he cruelly ill-treats another girl, and later, driven by bitter jealousy, he makes use of one of the tricks of the old wreckers and changes the lights on a dangerous headland, as his cousin's ship makes for port. That too is in vain, for although nearly all the crew are drowned Dan is not on the ship. With a score of murders on his conscience Daniel sinks even deeper and allows a wretched half-witted boy to hang for his crime.

His suicide, in madness and despair, is a grim ending to a dark story. Daniel Hafod, his grasping widowed mother, Eiluned, the sailor cousin, the gruff, astute country squire, all are admirably portrayed and it is the very rightness of those characterisations, rather than the intrinsic drama of the story which makes it a fine piece of work.

Miss Bottome's new novel is a romance with practically all the elements of surprise. Occasionally it is more surprising than even Miss Bottome herself can have known, unless I underestimate her sense of effect.

LEVEL CROSSING (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) has as its hero an extremely rich young American with socialistic tendencies and most of the world's speed records in motor racing. He has a devoted father, even richer than himself. In the course of this young man's travels he meets and falls in love with the daughter of a Scottish laird of ancient and irreproachable lineage. They marry and go back to New York to live, at which point in the story Deirdre scandalises her new relations by announcing that she intends to have a baby as soon as possible, for the excellent reason that both she and Jim like babies.

Deirdre is a determined young woman, "as tough as a mountain ash," and all goes well until ten days before the baby is to be born, when she is kidnapped by gangsters. With superhuman calm and more than even Scottish canniness, Deirdre manages to escape from them after a few days, and, after hiding fearlessly in a cage with a lioness and her cubs, she is restored to her frantic husband and father-in-law.

With every fresh issue of a daily newspaper probabilities become more difficult to predict or even to recognise, but in this novel the author has gone a step further and ignored probabilities entirely. Her gangsters speak, whether philosophically or brutishly, in a stranger tongue then even American films have led us to expect; her situations are as highly coloured as a kaleidoscope; and her heroine as imperturbable as the clam of legend. All of which does not detract one jot from the book's readable qualities, as you may imagine. Miss Bottome is no niggard over giving value for money, and if you want an adventure story with a good-as-gold love interest, here it is.

Mr. dos Passos is not an "easy" author to read, in the sense that he presents his scene (being modern America, and therefore not wholly familiar to English eyes) in methods unorthodoxically his own.

THE BIG MONEY (Constable. 7s. 6d.) is the third book of a trilogy which began with a study of pre-war days in *The Forty-Second Parallel* continued with *Nineteen-Nineteen*, and is now concluded with a view of the country during the boom and up to the time of the great depression. The lives of some half-a-dozen characters criss-cross the pattern of the narrative, the effects of which are heightened by "news-reels," which are pungent excerpts from the contemporary Press and the "Camera Eye" which provide equally pointed comment. The whole is interspersed and spiced with short biographies of real people; ironic, diabolically clever, biting vignettes.

It is no use going on about Mr. dos Passos; you are either bewildered, irritated, and come to dislike his work intensely, or fall completely for the swift dexterity of his method, the nail-on-the-head downrightedness of his prose, and the fierce, swift-like purpose of his fantasy.

His *Three Soldiers* has always seemed to me to be one of the very best of the war books; his literary stature is certainly confirmed in this trilogy. He has, so far as I know, no imitators, has founded no "school," is not a popular writer even in his own country, but he is a significant force in the modern American scene.

Earlier on this page we were considering the life of a self-confessed crook; the biography in front of me tells the story of crookedness on a larger scale, supported by an unquenchable hypocrisy and the almost incredible gullibility of a duped and swindled public.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY by S. Theodore Felstead (Murray. 10s. 6d.) is not only the downright story of one of the biggest fake reputations of modern times, but reads like a satire on the popular intelligence. Here was a man with an enormous popular following whom he could lash into a frenzy upon almost any topic he chose, whether it was recruiting or the necessity for a "business Government"; who founded a popular journal with an enormous circulation; who lived like a millionaire by swindling rich men and filching from poor men, and who, going to prison for the appropriation of hundreds of thousands of pounds, was said at the time to have been worth exactly £35.

He knew enough law to baffle the lawyers for years, enough accountancy to "rig" countless balance sheets, enough of politics triumphantly to browbeat Parliament, and had enough "silver-tongued" oratory at his command to earn the plaudits of vast mobs, The story of his rise and fall is a tragic one; tragic only because such a career should be possible in our times and could run its dissolute length for nearly the span of a lifetime.

The war business in Spain being still; in a sense, *sub judice*, with the attendant difficulty of getting reliable news from either side, it ill becomes a mere reviewer (with a natural dislike for extremism in any form) to pronounce upon so frankly a partisan account as **BEHIND THE SPANISH BARRICADES** by John Langdon-Davies (Secker. 12s. 6d.),

Mr. Langdon-Davies has been in Spain as a special correspondent for a London newspaper—at least he has been in that part of Spain held by the Government. He knows and loves the country, its peasants and its people, and in this present crisis he has fought and suffered with them. This book is dramatic, vivid, terrifying, but with his pen he gives as little quarter to what are known as the "Insurgents," "Rebels," or "Patriots" (according to taste) as his friends will give to General Franco and *his* friends if they get their way.

The horrible conflict still rages, seeming still far from its end, and if we find a despairing note in this book may we not find an echo of some of our own thoughts upon civilised man?

BOOKS RECEIVED

COLLINS.—LIGHTBODY ON LIBERTY. By Nigel Balchin. 7s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE.—THE HUNTED. By John A. Lee. 7s. 6d. JOHN LONG.—LAUGH IN THE SUN. By Amy J. Baker. 7s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—QUEEN TO CHANTICLEER. By Maurice Bethell Jones. 7s. 6d. THE FAIRBAIRN CASE. By John Bentley. 7s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—STUBBORN ROOTS. By Elma Godchaux. 7s. 6d. SELL ENGLAND? By Dacre Balsdon. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—SIR PERCY LEADS THE BAND. By Baroness Orczy. 7s. 6d. CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N., F.R.S. By Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell. Illustrated. 15s. HOPKINSON.—UNKNOWN KARAKORAM. By R. C. F. Schomberg. Illustrated. 15s. MITRE PRESS.—TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FILMS: Reminiscences and Reflections of a Critic. By G. R. Doyle. Foreword by Alexander Korda. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JOHN MILES.—AROUND THE WORLD IN ELEVEN YEARS. By Patience, Richard, and John Abbe. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. ROUTLEDGE. WORLD STOWAWAY. By J. B. Roberts. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THE PROFITS OF WAR THROUGH THE AGES. By R. Lewinsohn. 10s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—HIGH UP IN MEXICO. By O. A. Merritt-Hawkes. Illustrated. 15s. JOHN MURRAY.—LEAVES FROM THE JUNGLE: Life in a Gond Village. By Verrier Elwin. Illustrated. 9s. FAIR GAME: The Open Air of Four Continents. By Martin Stephens. Illustrated. 9s. FORT IN THE JUNGLE. By P. C. Wren. 7s. 6d. DIAMONDS AND DUST: India Through French Eyes. By Baron Jean Pellenc. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. NELSON.—THE NATIVES ARE FRIENDLY. By Colin Howard. 7s. 6d. LOVABLE BEASTS. By Harper Cory. Illustrations by W. Neave Parker. 2s. 6d. METHUEN.—THE BROWNS ARE DIFFERENT. By Ruth Bradbury. 7s. 6d. KARL MARX: Man and Fighter. By Boris Nicolaievsky and Otto Maenchen-Helfen. 12s. 6d. THE SWEET CRY OF HOUNDS. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON. By Nimrod. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. IMPROVE YOUR SNOOKER. By Joe Davis. 3s. 6d. MANHATTAN SIDE STREET. By Jay Dratler. 7s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—BIG HORSE'S FLIGHT: The Trail of War in Central Asia. By Sven Hedin. Translated by F. H. Lyon. Illustrated. 21s. ALTERNATIVE TO REARMAMENT. By Jonathan Griffin. 6s. WHITEOAK HARVEST. By Mazo de la Roche. 7s. 6d. THE MALTESE CAT. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ—DEATHBLOW HILL: An Asey Mayo Detective Story. By Phœbe Atwood Taylor. 7s. 6d.

A MOTOR-MAZE: An aerial view of the Roosevelt Race Track at Long Island, U.S.A. Every yard of the track, with its sixteen perilous curves, is visible from the stands accommodating 60,000 spectators. It will be noted that the corners are unbanked

THE PETROL WORLD

FOLLOWING THE "OLD CROCKS"

An Unusual Test for a Daimler

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

I EXPECT many of my readers watched the progress of the so-called "Old Crocks" at some point of their journey from London to Brighton on Sunday, November 15. I made up my mind that I would join the route at Reigate and watch their performance whilst travelling along right up to the sea-front at Brighton. Although I have carried out this plan on many previous occasions I have never before seen a larger number of people lining the road, or anything like the number of cars on the route itself. It took me the best part of four hours to accomplish the journey, and the number of times I stopped and restarted must have been very nearly a thousand. On an ordinary car this self-imposed task would have been irksome and by the end of the journey the clutch would probably have worked stiffly and I would have been surprised had not the water in the circulating system boiled. On this occasion, however, I thoroughly enjoyed the trip, the car was as pleasant to drive at the end of its unusual test as it was at the beginning, and I myself was not in the least tired. Fortunately for me I sat behind the steering wheel of a Daimler Fifteen.

FOR THE COMING YEAR: The 1937 model of the Rover Twelve saloon. This car can be obtained in any one of a wide range of colour finishes and is well known not only for its outstanding performance but for the completeness of its appointments and equipment

I should think that two-thirds of the journey were covered on first gear and those that know the well-known Daimler fluid flywheel transmission will appreciate that driving in such circumstances was quite genuinely pleasant. With the gear lever in the first notch one had only to apply the brakes and accelerate now and again when the traffic moved a little forward. All around me radiators were boiling and drivers stopping their engines by mistake.

Daimler cars have always been blessed with a reputation for silence from the days when their makers introduced the sleeve valve engine, but although they have dropped this design their present power unit is if anything quieter. When this is fitted in conjunction with a fluid flywheel and a preselector gear-box, the driver controls a car which is as silky as any car could be, yet combined with this silent running I found the engine drove the car along at surprisingly high speed. On more than one occasion I was doing a speed greater than 70 m.p.h. and yet the car floated over the ground like a row-boat on a river. I do not think that the motoring public yet appreciate that Daimlers are really fast motor cars to-day, particularly when the comparatively small 15-h.p. model is being driven. At high speeds the car holds the road perfectly and I found that the whole time the car was in my hands it was a real treat to drive.

What made this Daimler more than usually pleasant to handle was the effectiveness of the brakes. I am afraid I am rather fussy on this point because I find that so few fast cars have brakes which enable the driver to use his power without misgiving. In addition the suspension and steering were excellent so that at all times the occupants were travelling in comfort. The equipment of the car was very complete, including as it did foot dimming switch, coupled with really good headlamps, a dash-board which is close to the driver's eye and which is illuminated at night in such a way that the brilliance of the light can be regulated. The steering column was adjustable for length, whilst the seats were suitably shaped and amply wide. The controls were positioned correctly. In short this Daimler Fifteen is a thoroughly nice motor car.

I have recently been driving cars fitted with mechanical traffic indicators which are really a doubtful blessing, in fact I am not certain that they do not contribute to the difficulties of drivers following behind. The type I refer to is that which is controlled by a switch or lever having no automatic return or pilot light to warn a driver that the indicator on the right or left is showing. Try as I will I find that at least once a day I forget to return the indicator to the neutral position. Frequently I see cars on the road giving likewise false indications of turning to the right or left. Obviously, if a fair proportion of cars travel along our highways with the indicators showing, all drivers will soon become tired of these signals and eventually ignore them. Five or six years ago there was a law in Germany which made it an offence to show an indicator for a longer time than I think 15 secs. For all I know the same regulation may be in force to-day and I must confess that there is a lot to be said for it. The self-cancelling indicator switch which operates on a time basis had its origin in Germany and my experience shows me that it is far and away the most satisfactory system yet produced. I have driven many cars where the cancelling control is operated by the steering column, but this system fails on many occasions when the driver comes to fork roads and takes the one that leads more or less straight on when the turn of the steering wheel is not sufficiently great to actuate the cancelling mechanism. In such cases the driver is really more apt to carry on with the indicator showing than would be the case if an ordinary simple switch were fitted.

It almost comes to this that whatever system is employed a warning light should be fixed right in the driver's vision to tell him that the indicator he put out has not returned to its neutral position.

Driving some weeks ago on the Brighton road, on the occasion to which I have referred, brought home to my mind very vividly the extreme selfishness of certain drivers. Joining the Brighton road as I did at Reigate and before I had travelled 100 yards I was just one car amongst thousands making their slow way to the coast. We were in two parallel lines of traffic and I should think our rate of travel was about 1 m.p.h. Anyone with eyes to see could have noticed that this congestion was continuous for miles ahead. For a considerable distance we all went on in a very leisurely but orderly manner in two long queues of traffic, but behind me was a motor coach the driver of which evidently became impatient and drew out and made a third line. On such occasions I have to confess that I become distinctly awkward, and when the coach driver found on-coming traffic barring his forward movements I absolutely refused to give way and so he had to fall back into his previous position behind me. In about ten minutes this self-same driver pulled out once more and as there was no approaching traffic he got away with it, and having once broken the line other misguided motorists tucked themselves in behind him.

Eventually there was a complete standstill because this newly-formed third line of traffic eventually met vehicles coming in the opposite direction which brought it to a complete standstill. If it had not been for the intervention of a constable the coach and those behind it, as well as the vehicles coming in the opposite direction, would have had to remain motionless for about an hour until the original two lines of traffic had moved forward and cleared themselves. The policeman, however, held up the line of traffic in which I was proceeding, and allowed the impatient ones to take up what really amounted to a more forward position in the traffic queue. My contention is that these queue breakers should have been prosecuted. Instead of that they definitely gained by their ill-mannered driving whilst we, who acted like law-abiding citizens and kept our places, suffered. This kind of driving can be seen every day in London where traffic is held up by the traffic lights, and some taxi driver, who is in a hurry, and will not remain in his place at the end of the queue, drives right up to the lights forming a new line of traffic, well out on the half of the road which should be reserved for vehicles coming in the opposite direction. I would like to see the mobile police take action in these cases, and in order to make the position perfectly clear a notice might be placed on top of the traffic lights, indicating the maximum number of lines of traffic which might be formed at that particular point.

Hell-for-Leather, the new play by Barré Lyndon which was produced at the Phœnix on November 26 has for the background of its story a motor racing atmosphere. In the third act a Grand Prix race is actually in progress and a team of specially built cars is used in this. They have been built to the Grand Prix formula and the Almack Engineering Company, who constructed them, have endeavoured to make them accurate in every detail. One of them is fitted with a straight-eight Maserati engine which is worth over £1,000. Woolf Barnato, the famous racing motorist, supervised all the details throughout the play, so the actual atmosphere should be correct and the thrills of motor racing properly captured.

SAFETY SURFACE: A new road of rubber composition material being laid at Greenwich, S.E. It is claimed that this new medium which is put down as one continuous surface like asphalt and has a rough, matt face, will prevent skidding and is unaffected by climatic conditions. It will not creep or lose shape and will last longer than ordinary roads

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A Landscape near Broadway, Worcestershire

"NEW-FANGLED things," to make living easier, penetrate but slowly to the life of our lovely countryside. Yet does it breed its centenarians. Still is it held that threescore years and ten is not, properly speaking, *old*. Their rules of health are simple and few, sprung of wise habit rather than new-won knowledge. Exercise in the open, a regular rhythm of toil and rest. Breathing deep and drinking deep . . . of good ale. Good ale, in true proportion to his way of life, is indeed a fount of health, not dissimilar to man's daily bread. And of ales, none more subtly nourishing than his Worthington.

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Top right—Bird, on clip, made in feathers to match dress, 7s. 11d. each. Black satin Cocktail Bag with gilt and coloured glasses, 47s. 6d. Also made in white. At Harrods of Knightsbridge

Top centre—Imitation Seed Pearl Bracelet, price 6s. 6d., with matching cluster studs, 3s. 6d. Large gardenia, 6s. 11d., with natural mauve, scarlet, or pink orchids. From Swan and Edgar

On left—Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. Full particulars of their Special Gift Hampers can be obtained from your wine merchant or direct from Thomas Grant and Sons, Ltd., Maidstone, Kent

On left—Kensitas Cigarettes. The "Flat Fifty" tin is festively wrapped in gold foil with a pictured galleon. The cover bears the season's greetings, and the price is 2s. 6d. for fifty cigarettes

On left—And here is a delicious present that will provide many happy moments. A Blue China Tea Caddy of United Kingdom tea. In 1 lb., 3 lb., and 5 lb. sizes, it costs 2s. 8d. a lb.

On left—Instructive toys for a child. There is no end to the models that can be made with the Complete Modeller of Harbutt's Plasticine, price 4s., while their Elfin Wonderland, price 2s. 6d., is a boundless source of joy and interest. Harbutt's Plasticine Outfits are obtainable from 1d. to 1 guinea

Top right—A decorative Chintz Waste-paper Spill, price 29s. 6d., a Soiled Linen Bin, also in chintz, price 59s. 6d., a charming Chintz Work-bag on a wooden frame, price 39s. 6d., and a woven Quilted Tapestry Cushion, with tiny coloured posies, price 35s. All from Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore Street, W.

Centre—A razor may not be romantic, but it is a gift for which a man will bless you every day, especially if you give him an Eclipse Razor, packed for Christmas with a packet of blades, and a used razor blade container, to which is attached a greeting card

Centre right—The nicest presents last a long time. Give a Swan Pen and Fyne-Point Pencil presentation set in green, blue, or black. It costs 28s. 6d., or the pen can be bought separately for 1 guinea, and the pencil for 7s. 6d. There is a larger size at 32s. 6d.

Left—Small nieces and nephews will regard you affectionately if you give them Mackintosh's sweets, for they are delicious and wholesome and excitingly packed. A 2 lb. "Santa Claus" Christmas Carnival Tin would be popular, or somebody small would love a papier maché Penguin, Puppy Dog, Cuddly Kitten, or Teddy Bear

MEN'S CORNER

Prove your worth by sending him a case of "Highland Queen." You can get one, two, or three bottles in a strong fibre board case, on one side of which there is a neat panel for the name and address of the lucky recipient as well as for that of the sender, together with a seasonable message of greeting

Cigarettes are always a safe bet, especially if you choose De Reszke. The Minors cost 2s. for sixty if they are plain, and if they have cork (filter) tips they cost 2s. 6d. for fifty. They are specially packed for Christmas, and all you have to do is to fill in the name and address and send them off

A present for anybody who prides himself on keeping a good cellar: an assorted case of Gilbey's Wines and Spirits. Ten-year-old Spey Royal Whisky from Scotland, Crystal Clear Gin for cocktails, Bonita Sherry to commence a meal, and Triple Crown Port to round it off. Add a bottle of Invalid Port and one of Gilbey's Odds On Cocktails, and what more could one want?

Coming in out of the cold—sitting over the fire in the evening—nothing can be more delicious and more comforting than Bols Cherry Brandy. If you have a long motor journey before you, preface it and conclude it with a glass of Bols Cherry Brandy, and if you want to subtly flatter a friend's taste, send him a bottle, or better still, several

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At all principal Stores, Jewellers, Hairdressers, etc., or post free from Sole Manufacturers.

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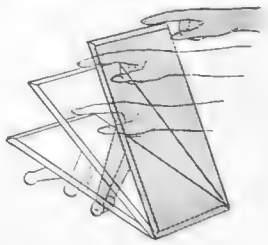

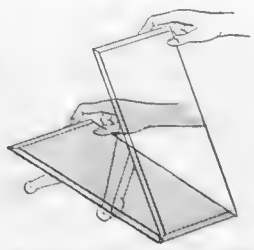

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A four bottle casette of Gordon's Cocktails is almost a party in itself. It costs 2 guineas, and a six bottle casette costs 3 guineas. Or send a Greeting Trio Box, containing Gordon's Special Dry Gin, Gordon's Orange Gin, and their Lemon Gin, price £1 16s.

A most ingenious cigarette casket is shewn on the left. It is a Craven "A" Rocker Blotter in red, black, and gold. Filled with 75 cigarettes it costs only 4s. 6d., it lasts indefinitely, for the cigarettes are kept in the hollow of the blotter, and the top which forms the lid, opens on hinges: and it doesn't matter that it would be a constant temptation, for Craven "A" are so easy on the throat. The colourful gift packs are made in sizes to suit every pocket

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"Merry Christmas in Many Tongues" *by Harrison*
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"As Round the Ring We Gaily Go" *by Gilbert Holiday*
"Harlequin's Moths" *by D. M. Wheeler*
"Christmas Mails" *by Relf*
Illustrated poem: "Puritanian Lament"
"The End of the Voyage" *by Charles Pears, R.O.I.*
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"Christmas Time is Ghost Time" *by G. E. Studdy*
"Christmas Presents" *by H. M. Bateman*

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WHILE Europe is beginning to button up its overcoat in preparation for the Winter, South Africa is revelling in the brightness of lovely summer days.

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In South Africa you will find abundant opportunity for favoured pastimes and pursuits. Golf, angling, riding, racing may be enjoyed under well-nigh perfect conditions and there is a host of new experiences to add zest to the day's pleasure.

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A SELECTION OF CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Gifts with a Never-failing Appeal for Young and Old

Arctic Adventure, by Peter Freuchen. *Heinemann.* 21s.

At the age of nineteen the author went to Greenland with the Denmark Expedition under Mylius—Ericksen to map the north-eastern district, then unexplored. He threw up his medical studies, being "just a green young man, weary of a routine existence, fascinated by Arctic adventure and heroism." Of both adventure and heroism he was to learn much for "in the Arctic one's job is accomplished against a background of continual struggle." His story is told with the ease of a practised writer and the grim contest of man against the severity of Arctic conditions unfolds itself page by page. Living for years among the Eskimos he grew to appreciate these brave, simple people, admiring their courage under adversity, their skill, and their happy natures. The strange charm of the Eskimo girls has been told us by other writers who have lived amongst them. Peter Freuchen went so far as to marry one, Navarana—and to live happily with her till her death from influenza. Their two children are now living with him in Denmark. In his work of mapping the country—and he twice crossed the great ice plateau—the author had to face all the extremities of fierce cold and starvation, but these are no novelties in Greenland where death seems stalking everyone not fully equipped at all moments. Yet the frozen North has so strong a fascination that a return visit to Denmark seemed dull—"One had no feeling of living when there were no difficulties to surmount."

"NAVARANA": The Eskimo girl who was married to Peter Freuchen, the author of *Arctic Adventure*, and lived happily with him until her death from influenza. Their two children have made their home in Denmark

Moonraking, by A. G. Street. *Eyre and Spottiswoode* 7s. 6d.

No one needs an introduction to Mr. A. G. Street. He is already well known for his delightful books on the countryside, which are enjoyed even by those to whom life on a farm would be quite unthinkable for themselves. There is so much quiet humour and good sound sense mingled with vivid description of Nature only to be seen by those who live close to her at all seasons of the year. The book is illustrated by Mr. Lionel Edwards with his pleasing pencil sketches of incidents of farm life and rural country, not the imitation kind seen near the "built-up areas." Mr. Street tells us he had no settled plan when he started this book, he just decided to write truthfully his impressions as the year passed. So when the sad month of January came this year he writes of the passing of King George, and he adds yet another tribute to the best of monarchs. "This morning comes the news that the King is dead, or rather that the most beloved farmer in this island is now an honoured sheaf in the harvest of time. It is not his show-ring successes or his consistent anxiety for the well-being of our oldest industry which causes me to refer to his late Majesty in this fashion; but rather because, whenever his duties permitted him to visit his Norfolk farms, he enjoyed his farming as an English countryman—a true Farmer George."

"FLIES": A delightful pencil sketch by Lionel Edwards from *Moonraking*, the latest of A. G. Street's long series of books with the countryside as their theme

Pony Tracks, by Elizabeth Sprigge. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. *Eyre and Spottiswoode,* 7s. 6d.

This is a story of children and ponies in the New Forest, delightful for all children who love horses. The choosing of a pony for a young visitor teaches the points a pony should have. A friendship with gipsies brings their assistance against thieves who were going off with a young foal. The New Forest life has been caught by the authoress, who lived there to get the real atmosphere.

While on the subject of children's books mention should also be made of those in Messrs. John Lane's list. *The Real Sky Blue,* by Bela Balazs (5s.) has many full page illustrations as well as quaint ones which have to be unfolded to show how a white Persian cat became a blue one after eating a mouse who had swallowed a Prussian blue pan of paint. The story tells of a poor washerwoman's son who learns of some magic paint, distilled from blue flowers, which paints real sky blue and this leads to wonderful adventures.

Then there is *Mother West Wind's Children,* by Thornton Bulgers (2s.) one of the bed-time story books, full of pleasant little nature stories, with fanciful explanations of why rabbits have long ears, and Hooty, the owl, has such tender eyes he cannot stand the daylight. *Sleepy Tails,* by Elizabeth Fairholme (2s. 6d.) delightfully illustrated by the author, has a short story for every day of the week, one being of two little West Highland terriers, who were not up to the well-bred family type, so proud of their family tree; and of the churchmouse who slept on the red leather hymn book and was not worried by cats. *Billy Bunny's Fortune,* by Elizabeth Gordon, illustrated by M. W. Enwright, of a bunny family will thrill little people as they see father and mother bunny sitting in their arm-chairs with their large family grouped around them.

Diamonds and Dust—India Through French Eyes, by Baron Jean Pellenc. *John Murray.* 10s. 6d.

At his first approach to India it was the dust which appalled the author—the journey from Bombay to Udaipur, an apparently endless torture—but when the time came to leave, India had claimed him as a friend, and in these pages he recalls his vision of the land of contrasts. He frankly describes his impressions; the grinding poverty alongside the dazzling magnificence of the palaces of the reigning princes, and although many others have been struck in like manner, his style is picturesque and carries one along. The famous cities are always worth hearing of again—Udaipur palace "a blaze of marble against an azure sky"; Jaipur, Agra, and the Taj Mahal, whose sheer perfection of beauty overwhelmed him in spite of his boredom at the very name of the much visited place. Patiala, where he witnessed a royal wedding and where diamonds glittered in Oriental profusion. The old city of Delhi aroused his keenest interest, but of New Delhi he writes—"A charming lay-out, a model city, but like a dummy, lifeless. There is something bleak and raw about it all—the defect of mere perfection. Some years are needed for the providence of cities, divine caprice, to inspire the new creation with the breath of life, to make it human—and a masterpiece."

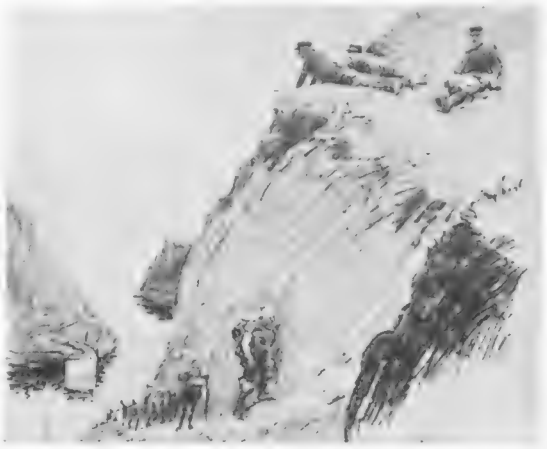
Scrambles Amongst the Alps, by Edward Whymper. *John Murray.* 10s. 6d.

When Edward Whymper first visited Switzerland in 1860 he went as an artist with a commission from a publisher to make sketches of the great Alpine peaks. He was only twenty years and had never set foot upon a mountain. Yet within five years he was to gain fame as the conqueror of the Matterhorn, then regarded as almost inaccessible, though many attempts had been made to reach the summit. His success was marred by the disaster on the return journey when through the breaking of a rope four of his companions lost their lives, among them being the guide, Michael Croz, and Lord Francis Douglas. This book is a new edition of what is now a mountaineering classic, revised and edited by Mr. H. E. G. Tyndale. All the original wood blocks made partly from the author's sketches and those of other artists illustrate this edition, together with excellent additional photographs.

"EDWARD WHYMPER AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE": The frontispiece of the newest edition of *Scrambles Amongst the Alps*—the story of Whymper's seven attempts to conquer the Matterhorn

Aces and Kings, by L. W. Sulherland. *John Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

The most celebrated unit in the Flying Corps which assisted Allenby's great campaign in Palestine was the Australian No. 1 Squadron to which the author was attached as Flight Lieutenant. He gives a cheery account of the human side of its adventures which will be appreciated by all those who understand the problem of the Air Force under war conditions. One chapter deals with Lawrence of Arabia with whom the author was closely associated during the campaign. He gives a good description of the enigmatic T. E. Lawrence, of the "midget sherif" he appeared in Arab clothes, of his strength in wrestling in spite of his size, of his always carrying a dagger instead of a revolver, and of the mordant bitterness he could use when annoyed. *Aces and Kings* is largely the breezy unaffected record of a flying man, told as he might have related it to his brother airmen.



"EXCISEMEN WERE PAID TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH": A Cecil Aldin drawing from Stanton Hope's *Smugglers Gallows*, an exciting story of "free-trading"

Novice's Luck, by Martin Stephens. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

Here is a light amusing book about sport, with a hero akin to the great John Jorrocks, full of enthusiasm for the sporting life of the country but condemned to the Stock Exchange till middle age has stolen upon him. His first run with the hounds was an exciting, breathless event, through which he came, to his own surprise and joy, to a successful conclusion. With stubborn courage he ventures on pig-sticking, pheasant-shooting, deer-stalking, even polo, all with varying ups and downs of accomplishment, but never failing to try again. The author modestly tells us that he himself has taken part in these varied sports, "in a more or less mouldy way" for Nature has not favoured him with deftness of hand or quickness of eye, so that he can enter into the feelings of his hero—a typical but pleasing "rabbit" of the kingdom of sport. Mr. Maurice Tulloch has enriched the book with many amusing and clever line drawings.

(Continued on page 474)

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ALL THE DOGS OF MY LIFE

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The story of her fourteen favourite pets, profusely illustrated and in large measure autobiographical

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—The Old Stager, in *The Sphere.*

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GENERAL GEORGE MONCK: This simple soldier of fortune, who was no sabre-rattling militarist but became one of the foremost captains of his age, is the subject of a new biography by J. D. Griffith Davies

A SELECTION OF CHRISTMAS BOOKS

(*Continued from page 472*)

The Universal Dictionary, edited by H. C. Wyld. *Herbert Joseph, Ltd., for Selfridge's, Ltd.* 13s. 6d.

This work will be welcomed by all those who need a comprehensive dictionary but cannot afford the splendid but costly Oxford production. It contains 200,000 words in one volume, including all the latest additions to the language, particularly all the new scientific terms. Slang words such as "thingamy," "thingumbob," have their place; even such expressions as "gorblimy" is sedately explained as "a low expletive of surprise and annoyance"—possibly helpful to an uninitiated foreigner. It is claimed to be the only important dictionary produced and published in Great Britain since the war. America has hitherto held first place for the larger dictionary, but now this dictionary will be found invaluable for schools and general reference.

J. T. Grein—the Story of a Pioneer, by his wife, Michael Orme. *John Murray.* 10s. 6d.

Born in Amsterdam, in one of the tall brown brick houses, Mr. J. T. Grein passed his youth in Holland, having the early training of an average Dutch boy. He came to England in 1885 and afterwards became a naturalised British subject. At first a critic, his enthusiasm caused him, later on, to found the Independent Theatre, a great innovation at the time. In spite of the uproar over his production of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, which was denounced as unmoral, the theatre was a great success, so much so that it soon had rivals in the new field he had opened. Throughout his life the theatre remained a place of enchantment to him, he never lost his keen interest, and he fully earned the tribute of Mr. Bernard Shaw who writes in a foreword that "the theatre had been born again in his hands." His wife has written a charming account of her husband's work which will be of great interest to all those who enjoy the theatre and the ups and downs of theatrical production.

The Story of Sail, by G. S. Laird Clowes. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

Sails were known to Egypt and the Eastern Mediterranean from 2,600 B.C., and in Britain the use of sails was understood before the coming of Julius Caesar. From these facts the author goes on to describe the development of sails through history, giving a most interesting account of a form of vessel whose day is now practically ended, except for the pleasure yacht or slow-moving barge. The earliest boat known is the one discovered, in the form of a small silver model, by Sir Leonard Wooley, at Ur, used in Mesopotamia about 3,500 B.C. This model is very similar to those still used on the marshes of the Tigris. Then there is the reed boat of Egypt, the galley of ancient Greece, and the Roman sailing ship which carried corn from Egypt to the mouth of the Tiber, Rome depending on imported food. Mr. Laird Clowes tells us that it is only recently that the discovery of several bas-reliefs in Italy and Syria has proved how efficiently these ships were designed both in their construction and rigging. "They reached a standard which was never again attained in Europe until the introduction of the three-masted ship in the fifteenth century." The book is illustrated by Mr. Cecil G. Trew who portrays all the changes in construction throughout the centuries so that we can see the type of undecked ship used by William the Conqueror; Drake's *Golden Hind;* the *Sovereign of the Seas* of 1638, the most highly decorated ship; down to the *Cutty Sark*, one of the fast-sailing clipper ships.

The Months, by Leigh Hunt. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 8s. 6d.

This delightfully illustrated edition of Leigh Hunt's work descriptive of the successive beauties of the year has line drawings by Mr. Horace Knowles. They are of pleasing quality, and as one turns over the pages one feels that every month of the year has a beauty all its own. Whether the trees are bare of leaf, as in February; heavy with foliage as in June and July; or fair with blossom as in May, all have loveliness. Those of us who are not acquainted with these essays of Leigh Hunt will find them agreeable reading. Each month has an appropriate quotation from Spencer, ending with—

> "And after him came next the chill December;
> Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
> And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
> His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad."

Smugglers' Gallows, by Stenton Hope. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

The exciting life of pirates and smugglers has always appealed to boys, and therefore this will be a welcome gift. It is a good, stirring tale of the Sussex coast in the days of Nelson, when the excisemen had an almost impossible task in attempting to cope with smuggling. Everyone connived at it, even the parsonages not refusing the keg of brandy mysteriously left at the door. The young hero, however, was the son of a murdered excise officer, and he burned to revenge the deed, in which he eventually succeeded after a time in the Navy, where he was lucky enough to be a powder monkey at Trafalgar. The book is charmingly illustrated by pen and ink drawings by the late Cecil Aldin, who himself was keenly interested in smuggling and had been planning a book on the subject.

AN ELIZABETHAN GALLEON: One of the ten four-masted ships that headed the English Fleet in 1588 when the Armada was driven to destruction. A pen and ink sketch by Cecil G. Trew in *The Story of Sail* compiled by G. S. Laird Clowes

"THE FACE OF NATURE IN A RICH DISGUISE": A drawing by Horace J. Knowles for the new edition of *The Months*, Leigh Hunt's essay descriptive of the successive beauties of the year

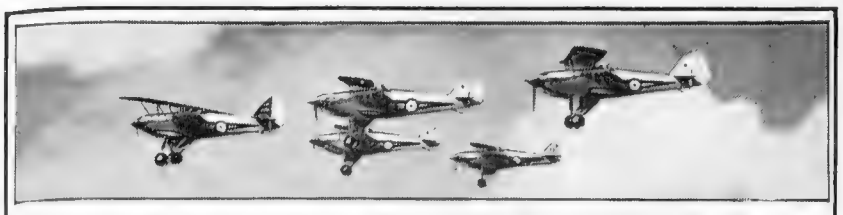
"THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE AUTHOR AS CHILDREN": An illustration from *When I Remember*, the reminiscences of Lady Muriel Beckwith, daughter of the 7th Duke of Richmond

When I Remember, by Lady Muriel Beckwith. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 15s.

The golden age of security, of ordered procedure, of dignified ceremonial, vanished with the war. Not even the greatest houses were immune, in truth they have suffered more change than elsewhere. As a daughter of the 7th Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lady Muriel Beckwith enjoyed all the privileges that a great name and wealth could supply. She tells us in this very pleasant and readable book of her childhood days, of the delights of fishing in their Highland home, of their governesses, of their starched petticoats and heavy skirts, of the distinguished visitors, and the whole panorama of life before the war shook the fabric. Lady Muriel naturally cannot resist comparing the past with the present, but she does so in no bitter or rancorous way, just wondering whether after all the young people of to-day are really so much better off, whether with the new freedom they are not missing something. Those whose memories cover the same period will find much to enjoy in this book. They also will recall the frigidity of the large country houses before central heating, of the going upstairs with the flickering candle, and the younger set will doubtless find considerable fascination in reading about the weird things granny used to do.

Honest George Monck, by J. D. Griffith Davies. *John Lane.* 12s. 6d.

A good life of Monck has long been due, and one therefore welcomes the excellent, well-authenticated record supplied by Mr. Griffith Davies. It is not written in the historical romance style, so popular to-day, but is none the less readable and more satisfactory to those who appreciate historical facts rather than imaginative fancy. George Monck, who was to become Duke of Albemarle, was a sturdy soldier to whom England owes much, for it was to his careful management that the restoration of Charles II was brought about with due observance of Parliamentary forms and the minimum of force. He was slow in making up his mind but steady in fulfilment of purpose—and these two characteristics made him refuse all hasty action. He bided his time till the arbitrary behaviour of the Republicans in the army and of the restored Rump Parliament brought about a general disgust and paved the way for Monck with the aid of a disciplined army to bring about the Restoration. It would have been easy for Monck to have become the second Dictator, but he refused all suggestions, remaining convinced that it was the duty of a soldier to obey the orders of a Civil Government. One is particularly grateful to the author for the careful account of those fateful four months in 1660—from January 1, the day when Monck led his army from Scotland, where he had been governor under Cromwell, to the triumphant moment of May 1, when both Houses of Parliament passed the resolution that "the Government is, and ought to be, by King, Lords, and Commons." In a general history this period is apt to be rapidly passed over, leaving one with the idea that it was a matter of easy accomplishment, whereas, in in other hands than those of the stout, honest soldier, George Monck, another civil war might have taken place.



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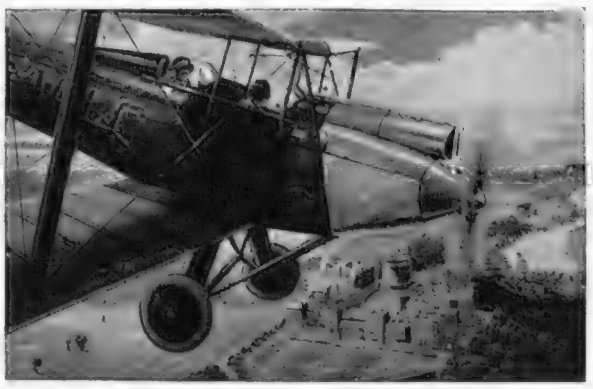

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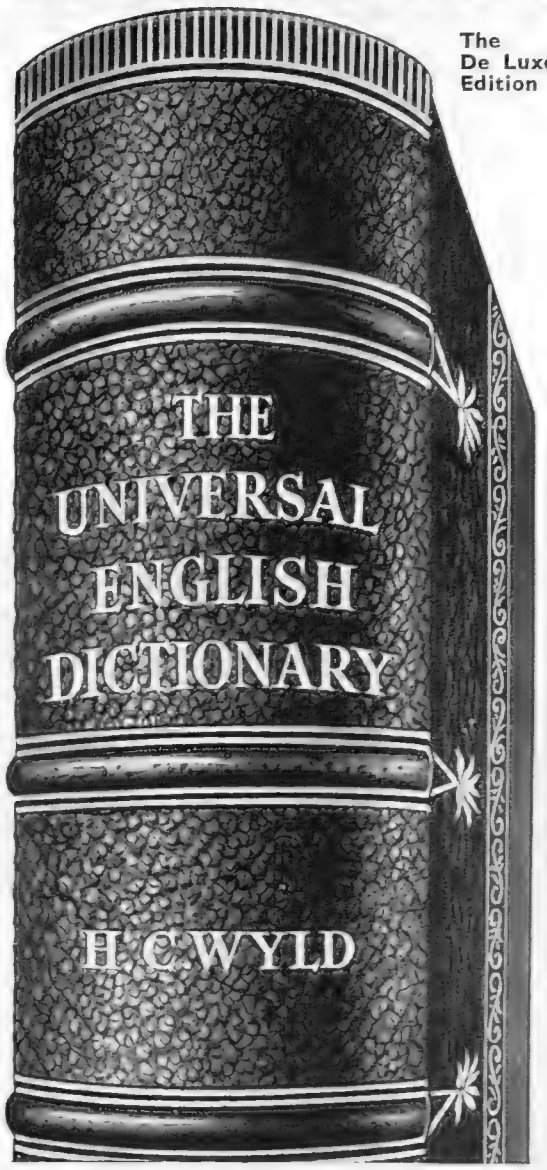

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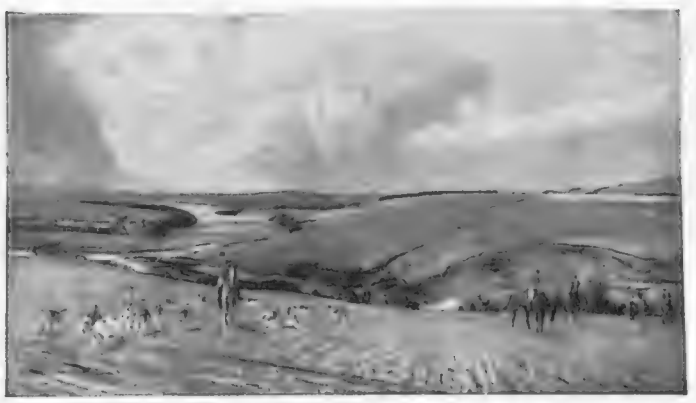

A check on the plough, with hounds just about to hit off the line. The background of Lauderdale country is a particularly beautiful example of the artist's hunting-field landscapes.

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Christmas-Tide in Austria

A Friendly Land of Abundant Snow and Sunshine

A CERTAIN Christmas spent in Austria is one of my most treasured recollections. The cold, clear air of a brilliant morning, when I got out of the overheated train at Salzburg, footsteps deadened by the snow and that curious air of quietness and expectancy that snow gives to a city; hot chocolate with a lump of cream floating about on top of it in a snug café; then another train, a small, local train, rather inferior looking after the international express, which stopped at every station; then a sleigh drive to the place where I was staying, the horses pounding over the crisp, firm snow, and a marvellous feeling of excitement.

Then there was Christmas Eve (they make much more of Christmas Eve in Austria and Germany than they do of Christmas Day itself). At midnight we went out into the garden. It was very clear, and the shape of the mountains against the starry sky could be seen all round. The church bell was ringing in the village. Then it stopped, and after a pause we heard the sound of singing. The words of "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" came up the valley, through the black pines at the bottom of the garden, to the porch where we were standing. Then everything fell silent once more. It was Christmas morn.

Actually, the Salzburg district itself has no particularly strong claims as a winter sports centre, although the year I was there it happened that there was as much snow as anyone could wish for. Austrians everywhere are winter sports minded, and almost everywhere they get the opportunity of keeping in practice sometime during the winter. But the two districts which are best known and towards which the majority of foreign visitors gravitate, are Tyrol and the Arlberg.

I have before me an indignant postcard from a SPHERE reader asking why English people and the English Press often talk about "*the* Tyrol" instead of just "Tyrol." "We do not say *The* Ulster, Munster or Connaught (or even The Yorkshire)," he goes on. The exact significance of "or even" I cannot gauge, but this is no doubt quite true, and talking about "*the* Tyrol" is nothing but a bad habit.

Well, anyway, Tyrol is an admirable winter sports centre. Innsbruck is the capital of the province, and there is a cogwheel railway starting from the town that goes up to the Hungerburg plateau and the Hafelckar, right at the summit of that huge mountain chain, the Nordkette, which rises up sheer just beyond the limits of the town. The view from the Hafelckar (the summit station is 7,700 ft. up) on a fine morning is absolutely entrancing: glittering, diamond-like peaks round about, and far, far away below, Innsbruck reduced to toy dimensions, and the River Inn, threading its course through flat, white fields. There are some quite attractive slopes for beginners up here, although the longer descents are rather difficult.

All round Innsbruck there are innumerable little places where one can get good winter sports; charming little villages, tucked away in the folds of the mountains, so deep in snow that they almost look as though they were in danger of being buried. Seefeld, in my opinion, is one of the most attractive of the northern Tyrolese resorts—but that is perhaps just because I happen to know it better than some of the others.

As for the Arlberg district, St. Anton is the most famous name, partly on account of its beautiful situation and surroundings, partly because it is the original home of a particular style of ski-ing, known as the Arlberg style. Fifteen years ago St. Anton was only just beginning to get known. Now winter sportsmen flock to it from all over Europe, but it has managed somehow to retain its original air of simplicity and unsophistication. 2,000 ft. higher up lies another village, St. Christoph, which is rather like St. Anton, only in miniature. People go there from St. Anton by motor sleigh, as it is the starting point for a number of good runs, but although it lacks some of St. Anton's amenities, there is a comfortable hospice for those who want to spend more than just a day there.

Stuben, on the west side of the Arlberg Pass, is another good place, although very small and unpretentious. In the same neighbourhood, and apparently rather more "developed" is Zürs, which lies at a height of 5,700 ft. I do not know it personally, but have heard it very well spoken of by knowledgeable friends. The same applies to Lech and Oberlech, and as this is a district of fine, sweeping snowfields, skiers should find it altogether to their taste.

INNSBRUCK UNDER SNOW: A scene in the Tyrolean capital—a city delightfully set in the heart of the mountains with excellent facilities for winter sport

IN THE LAND OF "THE WHITE HORSE INN": A simple open-air stage on which the Austrian peasant folk give their dances which usually take place on Sunday. A brass band provides the accompaniment

VIENNA UNIVERSITY rising above the cobbled streets of the Franzens-Ring. The building is in the Italian mid-Renaissance style and covers an area of about 30,000 square yards. It was designed by Ferstel and completed in 1884

But it has to be recognised that ski-ing isn't everybody's ideal. There are people who like snow to look at, but not so much to fall down in, and for those, if they want to get away for a holiday at Christmas-time or later, Vienna offers a very happy compromise. Vienna is not merely a traditionally gay city; it is actually a gay one. The Viennese are the most charming—the most light-hearted people in the world. Their hotels are gloriously comfortable; their food has a flavour and a distinction that are quite its own. Perhaps the old swing, the old brilliance, the feverish tempo of pre-war days, is something that can never be recaptured; all that belongs to a world that is gone for good. But Vienna does not stand still. There are new cafés, new restaurants, new shops. Take a walk down the Kärntnerstrasse or along the Kohlmarkt and look at the shop windows. They make one blink with their smartness, the grace and originality of their ideas. Vienna has nothing to learn from Paris in the matter of "chic."

And then there is the music: Vienna offers its visitors a perpetual feast of concerts and operas throughout the winter season. An opera heard at the Vienna Opera House, moreover, is not to be forgotten, for Clemens Krauss, although not very well known to English people generally, is one of the most brilliant of living conductors. He began to attract a great deal of attention when he was at Frankfurt-on-Main, a dozen years ago. Subsequently he was at Berlin, and now Vienna represents the crown of his career.

And then there are the museums, the picture galleries, the palaces . . . more feasts, for the art lover almost a surfeit of good things. I remember six paintings by the elder Brenghel any one of which by itself would have been sufficient to make the reputation of a lesser gallery. But here they were—well, just six Brenghels.

In many ways the winter is really the best time for seeing a city like Vienna—the time when it is most completely and spontaneously itself and you can share in its life without the lurking suspicion that everything is being done for the benefit of the tourists.

Richard Nowell

For Readers Abroad

The following short list of some of the major events in 1937 is given for the benefit of SPHERE readers abroad who may be planning a visit to England:—

March 29–September 26, Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon. April 19–June 30, Opera at Covent Garden. International Season opens. April 22–May 29, Ideal Home Exhibition at Earl's Court, London. May 3–August 7, Royal Academy Summer Show at Burlington House, London. May 12, The Coronation. May 19–July 3, Mozart Festival at Glyndebourne, Sussex. May 26–27, Bath and West Agricultural Show at Trowbridge. May 26–28, Flower Show at Chelsea Hospital Gardens, London. May 27–June 12, Royal Naval, Military, and Air Force Tournament at Olympia, London. May 27, The King attends Civic Reception at the County Hall, London. June 10–12, Royal Horse Show at Richmond, near London. June 10–12, and 15–19, Military Searchlight Tattoo at Aldershot. June 17–26, International Horse Show at Olympia, London.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4 will be promptly answered

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Sidmouth's Mild Climate and Prodigious Amount of Sunshine Attract Winter Visitors

IF you were to be asked which is England's most popular winter resort your mind would travel quickly from Hastings and St. Leonards to Brighton and Hove, Worthing, Bournemouth, Torquay, and would undoubtedly include Bath in its mental trip.

There is one place, however, which you might easily omit because Sidmouth boosts itself little, and boasts not at all. It has, in regard to its population (some 9,000), more first-class hotels than any other resort in the country.

When I revisited shy little Sidmouth on November 5 of this year, her hotels were mostly half full and will, I expect, be even more so with the advent of the New Year.

Sidmouth, without any artificial attractions, draws people entirely through her mild climate, her prodigious amount of sunshine, and the beautiful scenery around.

I think I shall always remember this particular November 5, for I had escaped from London, where, for a month previously, I had been waylaid at every turn by small urchins asking me "to spare a penny for the firework club." With November 5 drawing near I decided against the thought of hearing my generosity being so audibly exploded, so I went to Sidmouth, the one place I could think of where I refused to believe that they perpetuated the memory of Guy Fawkes.

I already knew the Victoria and Fortfield Hotels, places for which I have the highest regard, but on this visit I deliberately sought out two smaller hotels whose standard of service I had heard was high and whose terms were in keeping with their lesser pretentiousness.

I lunched at the Torbay View Hotel, simply and with little to do but listen to the conversation around. "What a lovely morning it has been," said Number One. (I had seen no sign of sun until I had topped the hill above Honiton.) "I do think this is a charming place," said Number Two. "The place or the hotel?" said Number Three. "Both," rejoined Number Two, and at that moment soup was served and I discovered the first of many reasons why the Torbay View Hotel was so popular.

It is homely, simple, and clean, and for some fourteen years Mrs. S. W. Sanders and her husband have been steadily building up a reputation for general comfort.

From the dining-room, lounge, and most of the bedrooms I got views of the sea and wooded hills, and in the immediate foreground was the cricket field, a great centre of local life in summer time.

I liked the bedrooms, fitted with hot and cold water, and though I did not actually sleep in one of the beds I discovered, by a little amateur detective work, that they were fitted with Staples spring mattresses and hair overlays.

So anyone who is still wondering about wintering may find the Torbay View Hotel the solution to his problem.

From the Torbay View Hotel I went on to the Royal York Hotel, which with its prominent position right on the sea-front had always attracted me externally. It evidently has a great attraction for others, for there is never a month in the year when the hotel is not more full than empty, and the small local company which own it not only have the satisfaction of receiving a useful reward in the shape of dividends each year, but they have the good sense to always put back into the hotel a goodly proportion of their takings for improvements and decorations. As a result the Royal York is bang-up-to-date.

I liked the sunny lounges, the clean, bright dining-room, the bedrooms, particularly those facing full south and the sun, and though they were all booked when I was there, I was able to peep into one whilst the occupants were out, and how I envied them! And with the sun pouring in I could not believe that it was November 5.

With plenty of bathrooms, central heating and hot and cold water installed throughout, reading lamps by every bed, and so on, one felt that here was very excellent value for money.

I got in touch with one of the visitors there who enthused about the individual interest taken in everyone, the excellence of the cooking, and the arrangements made for special diets, and my impression as I left the Royal York Hotel was "no wonder people who winter in Sidmouth do not bother about what they can do, everything is done for them."

And so I left Sidmouth once more, reflecting on her shyness, the salubrity of her air, and the way the sun favours her, and as I climbed the hill the leaves were a mixture of russet brown and evergreen, shafts of sunshine swept the valley, hens were cackling with pride of achievement, and I should not have been surprised to see lambs gambolling in the meadows!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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The Winter Spa where you meet your friends

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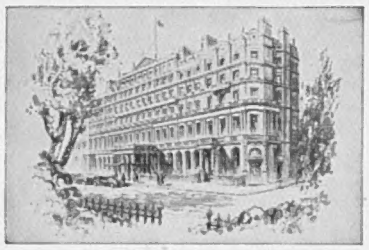

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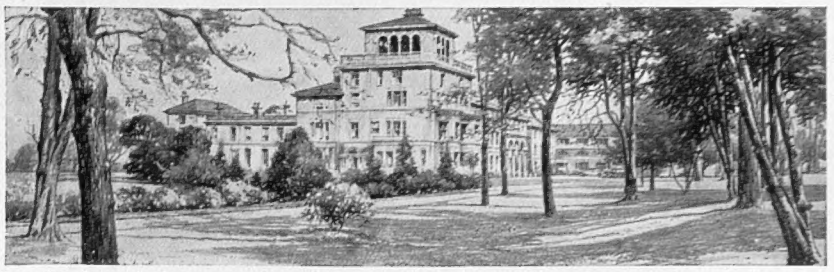

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CONTINUATIONS

TELEVISION IN BEING

(Continued from page 445)

It was, as it happens, a case of common fairness. There were two systems to be investigated—the Marconi and the Baird. Now the Baird have long experimented in that other forlorn spot the Crystal Palace. It had become, so to speak, their home pitch—they knew the ground—and the potentialities of the immediate ether. So it was felt that it would be unfair to introduce Marconi there. Marconi had already made its own experiments elsewhere. Heights were needed, and as the Alexandra Palace was neutral ground, the Alexandra Palace it was—and is.

Now the television staff of the B.B.C. were set to solve almost insoluble problems. They had to devise programmes which would satisfy their subscribers and yet remain within the compass of the rival systems and the budget that had been allowed. In the matter of the transmission of sound there is not so much difference between what is done at Alexandra Palace and other of the B.B.C. studios. The elementary principles governing the two systems—Marconi and Baird—are not entirely dissimilar in respect to vision though the technical variations are, of course, great. How the systems differ I have already dealt with in a previous article.

The difficulty was to hold the balance true between the two systems, and it was not at first easy for the B.B.C. to secure a co-ordinated command on the two fronts in the matter of general direction and production.

The choice fell, ultimately and wisely, on Gerald Cock, formerly in charge of outside broadcasting at the B.B.C.

A war-time sapper with ideas. Very, very youngish middle-aged. Trim, alert, groomed, shrewd. Suave but conveying the suggestion that he can be dangerous. Definitely a master of situations, definitely a master of men. Such is Gerald Cock.

The Marconi and the Baird companies put in their immense intricate and glimmering plants; and Cock started to work. He took the dismal wings in the half derelict Palace of Alexandra and transfigured them.

He had to build an orchestra. It numbers twenty-one, and it has to deal with everything from symphonic music to jazz.

Well, those who can enjoy looking-in know the nature of the programmes he broadcasts. Those who cannot as yet indulge in television can at least look—perhaps wistfully—at the programme that is printed in the *Radio Times*. The programmes might, perhaps, be subject to criticism, but that would hardly be fair at the moment considering how handicapped Gerald Cock is in various aspects of the great experiment.

But his staff is with him. They are young and working bravely in a brave new world.

PLAYS AND FILMS OF THE HOUR

(Continued from page 461)

professional life—were there. Its octagonal walls contain circular tiers of seats rising round the boxing ring to the roof. The fact that Shakespeare's theatres had no roofs did not matter; its shape was right. Practically all that had to be done was to build a platform—for so Atkins' stage is modestly described—above the ring.

And it had this advantage—to Shakespearian "fans" of being in the right district, and, therefore, in the right atmosphere. For was not South Warke Shakespeare's own pitch?

That was clever. It was clever too, to put Shakespeare on in a round theatre, as Shakespeare produced his own plays, with practically no scenery, and in the midst of the audience. So intimately in the midst of the audience that, on Sunday night, as some of Henry V's nobles twirled on their heels, the scabbards of their swords almost scraped the noses of the audience in the nearer seats. That was intimate indeed.

But what was still more clever—it was a sheer stroke of genius—was to choose *Henry V* as the opening play.

It has a "chorus"—played by Leslie French—and now you see where the compère came from; and why. There being no scenery, the "chorus" has to picture for you what you are supposed to see.

And how young this play is. How modern. It presents all the features of the great war of 1914–18. The littleness of England and the greatness of her. The divided higher command. The questioning and unquestioning loyalty of the common soldiery.

And then, the young, untried but heroic king, Henry V, squatting on benches as I have seen King Edward VIII squat in France. And passed by unknown amid his soldiers as I have seen King Edward VIII pass when he was Prince of Wales.

The terrible battles against overwhelming odds. The almost certain defeat. And then, because, as Napoleon said, "the English lose all the battles except the last one," the English heroically "muddle through" to smashing victory.

And what an audience. High-brows who followed the text from little books as opera enthusiasts follow the score in the gallery at Covent Garden. Mud-splashed men who pleaded that they "must get in" because they had ridden sixty miles on motor-bikes to be there. Actors, journalists, cheering, laughing, shouting.

E. B.

An Appeal from Durham

The Editor of THE SPHERE has received the following letter from Mr. Ernest H. Taylor, of the Model Factory, Bishop Auckland, County Durham, containing an urgent appeal on behalf of the unemployed of south-west Durham:—

DEAR SIR,—Following our 1934 and 1935 appeals for parcels of clothing, blankets, boots, etc., and for cash donations for this district, nearly 900 parcels were received and upwards of £300 in cash. These gifts reached us literally from all parts of the country and in some cases from abroad, and were distributed through the official agencies of the social service centres, church and chapel charitable organisations, and the Personal Service League.

Whilst prosperity has returned to many parts of Great Britain, unhappily the situation in the old worked-out coalfield of south-west Durham is probably worse than a few years ago, the need for help is therefore greater than ever. We again ask for the generosity of your columns and the practical help of your readers.

This appeal is launched with the cognisance and approval of His Lordship the Bishop of Jarrow, Treasurer of the Community Service Council for Durham County.

We ask for clothing of all kinds, blankets and boots, the latter especially for men and for children, and as much cash as can be spared.

Gifts sent to the undersigned will be distributed personally to the local organisations, and senders may be assured that their help will meet a real need.

Our company is defraying all the costs incurred in the collection and handling of gifts, therefore the full amount of contributions will be available for distribution.

Please send your cheques, postal orders, and parcels to Mr. Ernest H. Taylor, managing director, c o Messrs. Joseph Lingford and Son, Ltd., the Model Factory, Bishop Auckland.

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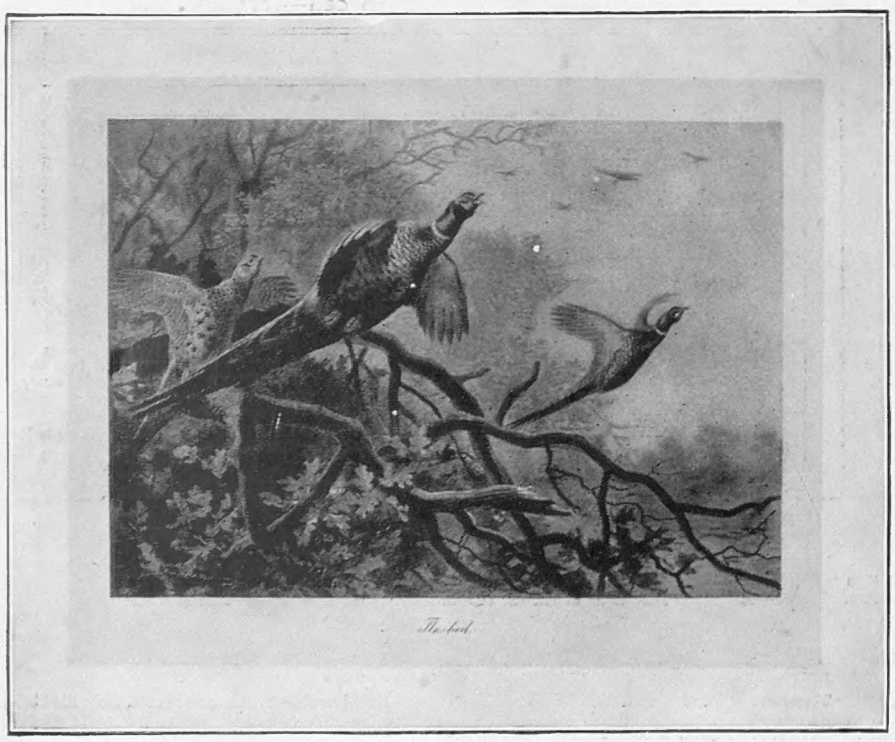

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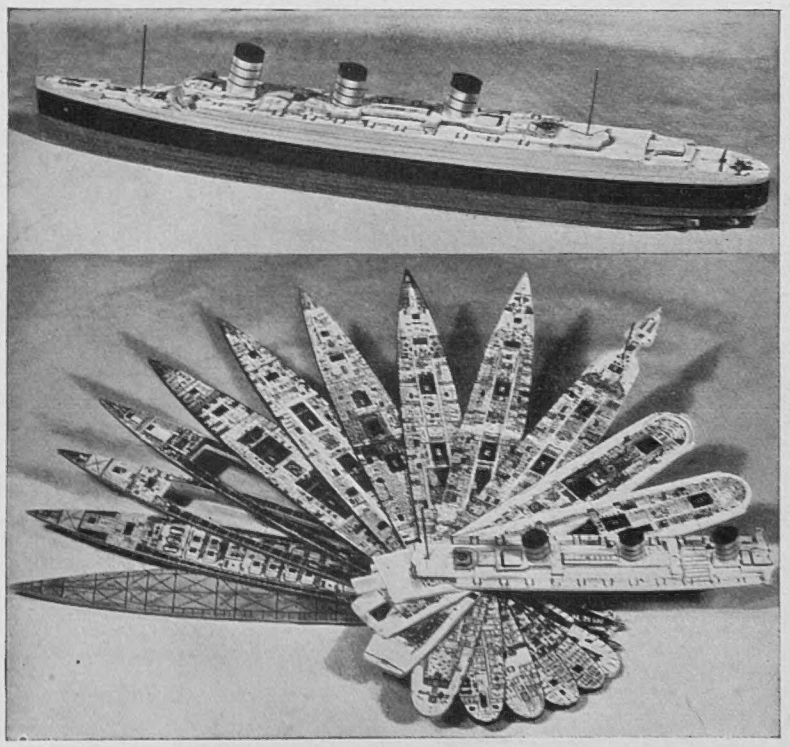

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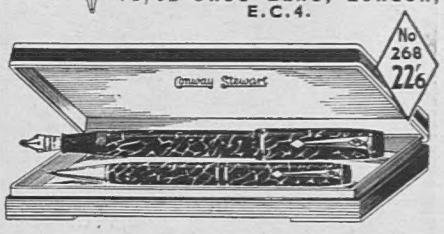

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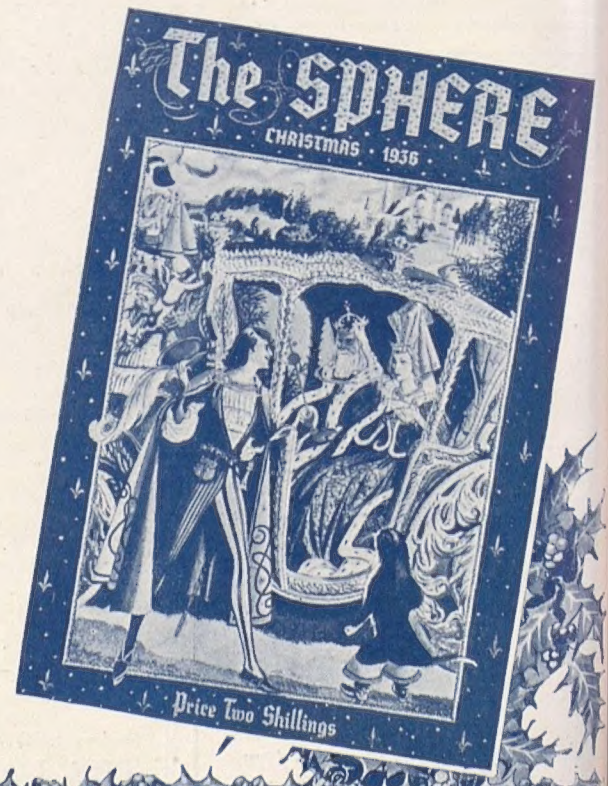
ROMANCE OF EARLIER TIMES: Mr. HOOKWAY COWLES, under the title "WHEN SOCRATES DINED," brings to life the attractive people depicted on the famous red and black vases of early Greece.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: readers with a bent towards the historical will welcome the narrative of the "LAST JOURNEY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS," the result of original research bringing together for the first time details of how the unfortunate Queen was carried to her final resting place in Westminster Abbey.

Among a host of other subjects and pictured incidents occur the following—"WHEN WOMEN WENT JERKINED AND SPURRED" illustrated by A. DAVIS, "BLACK MONDAY" and "DULCE DOMUM" from paintings by W. R. BIGG, A.R.A., "RURAL BLISS" by HELEN MACKENZIE, "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING" by ALFRED AUSTIN, with decorations by GLADYS REES, and a number of stories and poems too numerous to specify. The Pictorial Competition which has proved such a popular feature during past years will be continued in this issue.



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